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THE NAIL IN THE COFFIN.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

What, threescore years and ten I—laughed a child, with eager look—
Oh, good my mother, there'll be time—nay, close that weary book!
Hark! very sweet the ousel sings upon the old elm bough,
And my trusty hound he waiteth me—I hear him whine e'en now;
For I've promised he shall scour to-day the beech-wood by the burn,
And rouse the coney from the brake and the hare from out the fern:
Oh! good my mother, chide me not—sweet mother, smile instead;
I'll read anon, when skies grow dark, and the merry months have fled.

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!

Oh, life is very long!—said the maid, between her smiles;
What reck I for the solemn priest, who all earth's joy reviles?
The time, indeed, may come for this glad heart of mine to wear
The sadder coloured vesture meet for trial and for care:—
But I have lovers twain, to-day—as all the world doth know,
And the sky is very blue above and bright the earth below;
And round about my pathway all sweet sounds and scents are shed—
I'll give good heed, O solemn priest! when youth—and these—have fled.

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!

Drink, drink, thou solemn, sad-faced loon! why list what dillards say?—
Quoth a yeoman old, with rosy cheek, of stalwart heart and gay,
There's no such virtue in their prayers and preachings, well I trow,
As sparkles up from the merry bowl, that saith—"Come, quaff me now."
Life's sand runs fast, too well I wot—I'm old, I know, and grey;—
But, troth! it seems to me, sir knave, I grow more hale each day:
Knock at my door, thou sad-faced loon, when ten good years have fled,—
And—ha! ha!—we'll drain as jolly a bowl, and never a drop be shed!

Tap! tap! said the hammer
To the nail in the coffin-lid!

TO AN INTRUSIVE ROSE BUD.

Away! simple flower—protégé of the spring;
Away to thy mistress, and ask her to fling
One blush o'er thy leaves, and one sigh over all,
To hallow a shrine at which angels might fall.

When this the fair Ida in mercy hath done,
Let the wings of the wind waft thee hence to the Sun,
A thing too divinely imagined, for earth
To witness thy fall as it welcomed thy birth.

TORQUA.

A PILGRIMAGE TO THE TEMPLES

And Tombs of Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, &c. By Mrs. Romer.

Mrs. Romer appears to have made the most of her opportunities for studying life in Cairo under all its aspects. She attended a trial,—and narrowly escaped witnessing the sentence of the bastinado being carried into effect: and she "assisted" at a very gay Copt wedding in the Esbekieh,—at which some of our fair readers may like also to be present:—

"As the family is a very wealthy one, and that a double marriage was celebrated (that of the son and that of the house), everything was on a scale of great magnificence and liberality. We found the interior court of the dwelling brilliantly illuminated with tier suspended over tier of large chandeliers, producing the effect of a tree of light and literally crowded with male guests. In the midst of them were seated the famous musicians of Cairo. * * * Noise, and not harmony, or even melody as understood by us, appeared to be their aim; and I was very glad to escape from their vicinity, and to be conducted by the master of the house to the apartments on the first floor, where all the *élite* of the male guests were assembled (for although the Copts are Christians, their women live in as strict seclusion from the male part of the community as Mahometan females, and veil their faces as completely out of doors). The large room into which we were ushered was covered with beautiful Persian carpets, and lighted not only by a large chandelier but by a number of wax lights of enormous dimensions contained in very tall silver candlesticks placed upon the ground. I was seated in the corner of ceremony of the divan, against a window overlooking the crowded court below, from whence I could see the proceedings of the *fantasia*, and hear the songs of the *Alme*, or famous singing women, who usually attend all the wealthy weddings of the Cairens, and are paid by the contributions of the guests at a rate which our most eminent Italian artists would be glad to receive; and there *chibouques*, narghiles, coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet were served to us. After half an hour passed among the taciturn Copt guests,—whose gloomy countenances appear to have no affinity with the lively Arabs of Egypt, and in whose downcast eyes and dark brows may be traced the stigma of a people who betrayed their country to the Infidel,—I was conducted by the master of the house to the entrance of the harem; where some negress slaves in their gala dresses received me, and ushered me into the presence of the presiding lady. There she sat, enthroned among cushions, and surrounded by at least a hundred female guests, who, from the bright colours of their gold embroidered garments, looked like a bed of tulips. The elder ladies wore Indian shawls thrown over their heads and shoulders,—the young ones veils of pink, blue, or white gauze, edged with gold or silver needlework. A quantity of diamond ornaments were displayed, but all of them badly set; and among the numerous company assembled, I did not perceive one beautiful face—scarcely one pretty one—and many disfigured by having

only one eye. In my capacity of stranger I was immediately placed by the side of the hostess, and furnished with a narghile; and a china saucer was filled with choice morsels from a large tray of confectionery and *bon-bons*, and handed to me together with some of the most delicate rose sherbet I ever tasted. After these preliminaries were over, the lady arose, and, taking me by the hand, conducted me into an adjacent chamber, where stretched upon a sofa, lay the two young brides; one of them fast asleep in the arms of a negress nurse, their heads and faces closely muffled in white cotton coverings, studded over with diamond ornaments, and bound on with diamond circle. These were for a moment removed by my conductress, and the countenances of two children, apparently not more than twelve years of age, were revealed to me, attenuated with fatigue, and possessing not a single beauty. They were both dressed exactly alike in yellaks and trowsers of the richest scarlet-and-gold Aleppo satin, with white India cachemires round their waists, and splendid diamond *chaous* upon their tarbooshes; and when the mother had pointed out to me which was her own daughter, and made me examine the rich ornaments worn by both brides, we withdrew, and left the poor tired little creatures to their repose."

Mrs. Romer gives us acceptable information of the progress of Mr. and Mrs. Lieder in educating the native children. This worthy pair are remarkable as *charitable*—even more than zealous—missionaries.—No sojourn in Cairo would, of course, be complete without its magical entertainments. Mrs. Romer has nothing new to tell with respect to these: every subsequent experiment only tending to confirm our knowledge of the gross deception practised on Count Linant de Laborde, Lord Prudhoe, and other Eastern travellers, who came back full of "the mystery," and spoke of it with that caution and reserve which are more attractive than the amplest disclosures. Among other wonders, the lady visited the mosques—*a feat* whose risk, we suspect, has been a good deal *orientalized* by natives and dragomans. It would go ill, however, with lady tourists were the belief in the peril abolished,—much zest being thereby conferred on the adventure. The following passage may pair off with Miss Pardoe's midnight visit to the mosques of "the City of the Sultan":

"Yesterday I achieved a rash undertaking,—no less a one than going into the mosques of El Azhar and Hhasaneyn, both of them so sacred to the Moslems that Christians are forbidden to enter them under pain of death; and until with the last few years, were not suffered even to pass before them without incurring the same penalty. There was only one way of obtaining admission, and that was by putting on the Mahometan dress, and passing myself off for an Egyptian woman, with the risk staring me in the face that, should the fraud be discovered, Mohammed, who was to accompany me, would be the first victim sacrificed to the popular fury and prejudice. * * * Arrived at the gate of El Hhasaneyn, I dismounted, and, leaving my slippers at the outer door, entered boldly with my female attendant; Mohammed following at a distance, so as to appear not to belong to me, as it is not customary in Mahometan countries for men to accompany women when they go to a place of worship, but keeping me in sight, so as to be able to come to my assistance should anything unpleasant have occurred. The mosque was quite full; Tuesday being the day on which the howling dervishes perform their strange rites in it. We first directed our steps towards the *Ckoobeh*, or saloon of the tomb, containing the shrine that encloses the head of the martyr, El Hhasseyne (the grandson of the Prophet); and following the example of my companion, I bowed my forehead against the bronze screen that surrounds it, and kissed the handle of the door; after which we seated ourselves upon the ground among the women, in the part adjacent to the shrine where they congregated to pray. After remaining there some time we proceeded to the body of the mosque where the men pray, and in the centre of which the howling dervishes were performing their *zikr*. About forty of them placed in a ring held each other by the hands, and swaying themselves from side to side, shouted 'Allah hoo hai,' until by degrees their movements became so violent, and their excitement so great, that many of them foamed at the mouth, and some fell down in epilepsy. Several soldiers and other fanatics joined them, and soon became quite as mad and noisy as themselves; but we dared not remain any length of time near the dervishes, as no women were in that part of the mosque; so after walking entirely through the building, we returned to the *Ckoobeh*, again pressed our foreheads against the screen of the tomb, and then departed. The mosque of El Hhasaneyn is the most sacred of all the religious edifices of Cairo, on account of the holy relic it contains; but in point of architectural merit, it is not to be compared to the mosque of Sultan Hassan. The floors are covered with Persian carpets, and the shrine inclosing the martyr's head appeared to me, as well as I could distinguish through the open work of the screen, and in the obscure light that prevails in the *Ckoobeh*, to be covered with platings either of gold or of gilt metal. Small lamps are suspended by wires under the dome, as in all other Mahometan places of worship, and ostrich eggs—the symbol of the resurrection—are interspersed among them. There was no preaching going on, but there appeared to be a fair division of praying and conversation among the many persons assembled there. On going out as well as going in, I was beset by the water-vendors that congregate about the doors of mosques, in order to beg money from all well-dressed people, under the pretext of distributing cups of water gratis to the poor. My attendant gave them a piece of money for me, and I was then suffered to mount my donkey, and to depart in peace for the mosque of El Azhar. * * * The mosque is situated in the very heart of the city, and in such a labyrinth of thickly populated and narrow streets that no good view of its exterior is to be obtained from any side. It has five entrances, the principal one leading into the vast court, paved with marble, which we found full of students, seated upon the pavement in little groups, and studying with their professors. I confess that I trembled as I walked through them, and fancied that every one who looked up at me would discover, from the col-

our of my eyes and the absence of *khol* round them, that I was an European, and even an Englishwoman;—but nothing of the sort happened, and I got safely into the interior of the mosque. Its great space, and the innumerable quantity of low slender columns with which it is supported, spreading in all directions like a forest, reminded me of the Moorish Mosque of Cordova; but there is no great beauty in El Azhar beyond that which magnitude and airiness produce. We seated ourselves at the foot of one of the columns, and I there made the best use I could of my eye. The interior of the mosque was quite as full as the great court, and the groups were highly characteristic and exceedingly picturesque; the base of each column being surrounded by a little turbaned conclave, deep in either the study of, or dissertations on, the Koran. Some, with their eyes half-closed, listened in a state of dreamy beatitude; others rocked themselves to and fro, or wagged their heads, as is common for Mahometans to do when engaged in religious practices. Several cats sat by their masters, and looked as solemn and as orthodox as they did; and I am certain, could they have suspected my identity, would have scratched my eyes out for the fraud I was practising upon the followers of the Prophet. In the spaces between the columns hundreds were engaged in their solitary devotions, and very many were stretched fast asleep upon the matting; the Korans, which had thus effectually transported them to the land of dreams, lying by their sides. A very few women were in the mosque, but just sufficient to prevent the presence of myself and my attendant appearing singular. After sitting some time at the foot of my column, while Mohammed, stationed at another one, within sight of me, said his prayers, I made the circuit of the mosque, and then departed by the great court, and the principal entrance, where I had deposited my slippers,—very glad to effect my exit undiscovered, and unable to breathe freely until I had placed several streets between the great hot-bed of Moslem fanaticism and my infidel self,—unable, indeed, even to laugh at the clever way in which I had done the grave Ulemas and Moollahs of Cairo, under their very beards!"

We have tarried so long in the land of Egypt, as to have left ourselves but small space for the pilgrim's adventures in the Land of Promise. And in truth, Beyrout, (extolled by recent travellers, French and English, till Miss Romer could hardly fail to be disappointed,) and the route by Jaffa, Ramla, and Jerusalem—not forgetting that lion in the path, Abou Goshier, most irreverently treated of by Titmarsh—have been of late so diligently explored, and so gorgeously, gaily, or gravely described, as to make us willing, this once, to pass them by. Mrs. Romer had the good luck—for such we doubt not, her love of "penciling" considered, she now esteems it—to be present at some of the "faction fights" between the different bodies of pilgrims which so disgrace the Holy Sepulchre. The ride across the desert to Damascus makes a vivid passage in her pages,—though the hue be not *coulour de rose*. After having lost their way, and straggled off into "the perilous territory of the Haouran," at the chance of "falling into the hands of the Bedouins, or into the claws of wolves or hyenas," a distress awaited the lady, more triable than these "pleasures of fear":—

"The route to Sarsa is a desperate wilderness of rocky soil, (partly traversed by the remains of a fine old Roman causeway,) composed sometimes of crags, sometimes of great slabs of rock, over which our beasts had the greatest difficulty in keeping their footing. Besides our Bedouin guard and our three Druse muleteers, we had with us two *sais*'s, (or grooms)—one of them an Egyptian, the other a Maronite Christian; and one or other of these two men were always at the side of my horse or mule to assist me in case of need, although, I must say that by far the safest way with the animals in this country, in a very bad road, is to give them their head, and let them pick their own way. Their instinct always leads them, in passages of great difficulty to pause and look around them for a moment; and when you think it would be as easy to ride up the side of a house as to be extricated from the horrid pass you are in, you will see the sagacious brutes plant their feet carefully in some little crevice or hollow, so insignificant that it has escaped your notice, but which is sufficient to steady them, feeling their way step by step, tacking and darning from side to side, they bring you through scathless. But the road we were traversing became so tremendous, and the mule upon which I was perched *à la Turque* had made such a number of desperate stumbles and slides, that Abou Sekina, the Egyptian *sais*, at last thought it necessary to go to her head and lead her, more especially as I rode her without either bit or reins. We had scarcely proceeded in this manner five minutes, and had just scrambled through a brook, when in stepping over a great labyrinth of rock pavement, the fore feet of my mule slipped up all at once, and down she fell as if she had been shot. Down I came too from my pile of cushions, where I had nothing to hold by, not even a rein, (maintaining myself merely by balance,) and with such a crash that I was picked up quite insensible. *

* Sick and sore as I was, nothing was left for me but to be lifted once more upon the unlucky mule, and to resume my journey towards Sarsa. No human habitation was near, no human aid within reach. Had my bones been broken I must have been left there to perish; for Damascus was the nearest place from which assistance could have been obtained, and we were only two day's journey from thence! I dwell upon these details, because I think that tourists in general have heretofore made too light of the perils of travelling in this country, and too many lives may be sacrificed to their accidental, or intentional carelessness in disguising facts. Syria in its actual state, is indeed no country for a delicate woman to travel in. All the wealth in the world, all the precautions possible, will not procure for her those auxiliaries to comfort which custom has rendered necessary for her well being. She must forget that such things as carriages and carriage roads exist; she must ride all day over execrable roads and under a burning sun; she must sleep at night in a tent, which is either the hottest or the coldest of all shelters; and if fever or accident overtake her on the way, she must trust in God and her own constitution to help her through; for neither physician nor apothecary, nor a roof to shelter her suffering head, will be forthcoming, even should thousands be offered for them. I thought over all this as I lay awake that night, unable from pain to turn in my bed, the wind whistling through my tent and threatening to tear it from its fastenings; and I determined, that I at least, would raise my voice to warn others against those contingencies against which none had warned me. Sympathy, indeed, is not wanting here, if sympathy alone could alleviate physical suffering; but although it may "minister to a mind diseased," it will not diminish one throb of a fever pulse, or knit together a fractured bone. In my own individual case never did I see such good feeling, such tender care, such thoughtful attention, as were exhibited toward me by every individual accompanying us. Mohammed, in addition to his other qualities, proved himself to be an excellent nurse; and even Ismael, the Bedouin guide, the fierce child of the desert, loquacious and noisy, like all his race, grew sad and silent, and only opened his lips once to say, that if the *sitt* (the lady) did not recover, it would break his heart."

With the above warning to lady tourists, we must take leave of Mrs. Romer; merely observing that albeit she may not be a maker of difficulties, she obviously loves to describe difficulties encountered. The delights of "Pharphar and

Abana, the rivers of Damascus"—"the sweet murmur of rushing streams—the tender gloom of rushing boughs—the breeze that languidly fans your cheek, laden with the perfume of the orange blossom and the rose"—gain zest, and fragrance, from the contrast with the "howling wilderness." To put it otherwise, the lady has some of the arts and graces of a writer for effect:—our consciousness of which, in some degree qualifies the value of her testimony, though it does not destroy the pleasantness of her book for summer reading.

THE FACCIOSOS IN ZARAGOZA.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 5th of March 1838, the inhabitants of the heroic city of Zaragoza were awakened from their slumbers by the sound of the generala, or drums beating to arms. It was pitch-dark. The National Guards, composed of the most respectable citizens of all classes, and who had repeatedly given noble proofs of their devotedness to the queen of Spain's cause, clad themselves in their uniforms as quickly as possible, seized their arms, and rushed from their respective dwellings towards the points designated for their assemblage in case of alarm. The spot to which the greater number repaired was the handsome street called El Coso, where the principal or main-guard is always posted at the palace of the captain-general of the province, and where many of the more remarkable public edifices are situated. The best shops and coffee-houses are also in the Coso, which, besides being upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, is very wide. At one end of it two narrow sloping streets branch off, leading to the Plaza del Mercado, or market-place, and it is approached on each side by several long narrow streets.

As the National Guards, in breathless haste, approached the Coso, one by one, or in small parties, they were challenged by sentinels stationed at the *bocas-calles*, or street entrances. The summons of "Quien vive?" ("Who goes there?") was answered, as usual, by "Nacionales."

"Advance, Nacionales!" cried the sentinels; and the civic soldiers, thinking that the invitation proceeded either from their own comrades, who might have assembled in the Coso in obedience to the same call which they were hastening to respond to, or from the troops of the slender garrison of Zaragoza, instantly advanced and found themselves in the midst of a large body of Facciosos, or Carlist troops! They were instantly disarmed, and made prisoners.

But how did this alarming state of things occur? How was it that one-half of the loyal city of Zaragoza which had successfully resisted the attack of thirty thousand of Napoleon's best troops, commanded by his most distinguished generals, was now in possession of the factious bands of Don Carlos the Pretender? Alas! treachery had crept in amongst them.

The Carlist chief, Cabanero, had formed a plan for surprising Zaragoza at a moment when its defence was almost entirely left in the hands of its National Guards, the bulk of the regular forces being required in the field. Cabanero, who was an Aragonese, and a landed proprietor, was well acquainted with the city; and the force under his command consisted of four battalions of infantry, and about three hundred cavalry—all Aragonese, and devoted to their leader. At about nine o'clock on the previous night—it was a Sunday night—some twenty Facciosos stealthily escalated one of the city gates called La Puerta del Carmen, by means of ladders, which had been secreted by confederates within the city, at spots outside the walls agreed upon beforehand. The small body of Nacionales to whom the guard of the gate was confided were taken completely by surprise, and were at once disarmed and captured. The gate was then quietly opened, and three companies of Cabanero's picked men instantly passed through it, and entered the city unperceived. They formed, without a word being spoken, at the entrance of a small square hard by, called La Plazuela del Carmen.

It is a remarkable fact, which transpired afterwards, that, at about eleven o'clock on the same Sunday night, a covered vehicle, called a tartana, drawn by one horse, was seen traversing the street called Del Carmen, in the direction of the gate of that name; but although this was an unusual occurrence at that hour, when all the city gates were invariably closed for the night (the tartanas being generally used for country excursions,) it did not create suspicion in the breasts of the few persons who were passing through the streets at the time. There can be little doubt, however, that some confederates were proceeding in the tartana to communicate personally with the invaders, who, in pursuance of preconcerted plans, had already posted their vanguard within the city.

Let us, however, recur to the proceedings of the Facciosos. The three picked companies having established themselves within the gate of Del Carmen, the next important object was to ascertain whether all was quiet in the interior of the city; for it was of the utmost consequence to the Carlists that the main force, which was on a forced night-march from Lecera, a town about thirty miles from Zaragoza, should enter immediately on its arrival, without the alarm being given. For this purpose three men disguised as *paysanos*, or private individuals, wearing ample brown cloaks over jackets of the same colour, and conical Aragonese hats, left the guardhouse of the Puerta del Carmen, to go the round of the city. One of them had a violin, another a *bandurria*, which is a small stringed instrument made of a single piece of wood hollowed out, and covered with parchment. It is played upon with the fingers, and produces a very sharp sound; the effect, however, is agreeable when the *bandurria* is played in concert with other instruments. The third had a guitar. These Facciosos in disguise were Aragonese, and played skilfully. When they had advanced as far as the Coso, they tuned their instruments, and struck up the national Aragonese air called La Lota, accompanying it with their well modulated voices. They sang of love, its charms and its pains; of the chivalry of the Aragonese, and the glories of Zaragoza. Serenades of this description are to this day constantly performed in Spanish cities, towns, and villages, as in the olden time, and I have frequently listened to them with delight. In this way the unsuspected trio perambulated the greater portion of the city, and returned between three and four o'clock in the morning, to the Puerta del Carmen, and reported to their superiors that the worthy inhabitants of Zaragoza were buried in profound repose. The Carlist forces had just arrived, and the 2500 infantry passed through the gate at once, and marched direct to the Coso, of which, and the entrances from the numerous streets leading into it, they took instant possession. The cavalry, 300 men, remained outside, patrolling round the city walls. Parties were detached without delay to different quarters of the city, for the purpose of arresting some of the principal inhabitants who were well known to be firmly attached to the cause of the constitutional queen of Spain, as well as some of the most distinguished officers of the National Guard.

And now, it being still dark, the stratagem of beating the generala was resorted to, in order to entrap the Nacionales; and it succeeded to a certain extent, as already stated. This brings us to the point at which we had arrived, before entering upon this needful description of the antecedents to the attack.

When day dawned, the inmates of the houses in the Coro perceived, with dismay, that it was occupied by the enemy. The Carlist troops had a rough,

brigand-like appearance. Most of them wore dark-green boynas, or Basque caps, and their matted hair fell in wild meshes over their temples and ears.

Fringed blankets, of variegated colours, hung lengthwise, and doubled to half their breadth, from their athletic shoulders, forming a primitive, yet graceful drapery; and their cananas, or ammunition-belts, were strapped around their loins, the cartridges being lodged in front, in triple rows of tin tubes. Some of these Voluntarios, as they were called, wore the peaked Aragonese felt hat, ornamented with tinsel of various colours, and dark velvet jackets, with several rows of closely-set bell buttons down the front. In lieu of muskets, these men were armed with trabucos, or blunderbusses; and the sandaled feet of the whole of the Carlist troops stowed, by the dust with which they were covered, that they had performed a march of considerable length.

The boynas of the officers were varied in colour—green, red, and white—and, together with the loose, wide-sleeved, collarless black sheepskin zamarras, or spencers, and ample trousers of velvet, or other stout material, formed an appropriate costume for chiefs of the sturdy bands who had followed them into the very centre of so determined a population as that of Zaragoza, and who were panting to pounce upon their prey.

The bayoneted muskets, which were bristling on the shoulders of the Facciosos, glittering in the rays of the morning sun slanting across the Coso; and as the astounded inmates appeared at the windows of their dwellings, the officers advanced, crying—*Viva Carlos quinto! Viva Don Juan Cabanero! Viva los Zaragozanos!* We are all Aragonese! Let us be friends! The Nacionales are all sold! The castle is ours! Nacionales! give up your arms and uniforms, and let us embrace each other as good subjects of the legitimate king! And defenders of our holy religion! cried some curas and friars who stepped forth from the Carlist ranks. They were veritable types of the church-militant; for uncouth sabres were pendent from their rusty cassocks and serge frocks, and old-fashioned horse pistols were stuck in their girdles.

These appeals were not responded to; on the contrary, the windows were quickly closed by those who had been looking out of them, chiefly women. The rebels now changed their tone: *Surrender or death! We give you five minutes to decide; if you resist, your houses will be broken into, and no quarters given.* These menaces were re-echoed by between two and three thousand hoarse voices from one end of the Coso to the other, accompanied by brandishing of swords, and levelling of muskets and blunderbusses at the windows by the excited Facciosos, who howled and gesticulated with a vehemence and ferocity frightful to hear and behold.

Before the expiration of the critical five minutes several windows were thrown back and some Nacionales stepped into the balconies, and instantly fired upon the Carlists; then hastily closing the shuttered windows again they took shelter behind them whilst reloading their muskets.

This maddened the rebels. Roaring with rage, some fired at the windows, and others battered at the doors with the butt ends of their muskets. But the gallant Nacionales continued firing at intervals from the rapidly opened and closed upper windows, and from those on the ground floors, which were protected by bars of iron. Many of the Facciosos who were thundering at the doors, were killed by shots from the ground floor. Soon isolated parties of Nacionales came rushing to the point of danger, under no other direction than their own patriotism and bravery. They attacked the Carlists from the street leading to the Coso, and shot the sentinels placed at their entrances, advanced boldly into the Coso itself, and there, without any shelter—for the houses were, as we have seen, all closed—they fought hand to hand with the infuriated Facciosos.

Whilst this was going on in the Coso, a battalion, the choicest of the Carlist force, had obtained possession of the Carrio, or district of San Pablo, in another part of the city. But they did not remain long unmolested. Another body of Nacionales hastened to the spot, and commenced a vigorous attack; they recollected, too, that there was a howitzer in a barrack hard by, and it was dragged by the civic soldiers, with astonishing rapidity to a favourable point, and canister shot fired rapidly from it, with fatal effect, upon the pent-up battalion. To crown all, the women, and even children, threw down tiles upon them from the roofs of the houses; and with that heroism which the Zaragozanos have ever displayed, the mothers, sisters, and wives of those who were combatting so gallantly in the streets against the ferocious rebels, who were howling for their fancied prey, performed their noble part in defence of their home, and of the cause which they had all honestly espoused.

In Zaragoza, as well as in other cities and large towns in Spain, a considerable portion of the population live in separate flats or floors; and now, from every house and apartment were cast, with unerring aim, heavy tables, strong earthen jars, brazen mortars called *almireces*, for pounding salt, spices, &c. with which no dwelling in Spain is unprovided; massive wooden stools, chests of drawers, thick earthenware dishes, iron bars, bucketsfull of boiling water, and all kinds of damage doing missiles. Great numbers were killed and wounded, and an unconquerable panic took possession of the Carlist ranks. The remainder of the battalion fled amidst these heterogeneous volleys from the commanding batteries of the heroines of Zaragoza.

The Facciosos took refuge in the large old church of San Pablo, the entrance whereto is by a descent of several steps. Scarcely had the gates been closed and barricaded, ere a large force of Nacionales arrived. After thinning the ranks of the enemy in some places by their isolated but well-directed and sustained attacks, the civic militia had at length been able to form themselves into different bodies, and hasten to the rescue of those who were exposed to attacks in other parts of the city. The church was instantly surrounded, and the Faccioso battalion, which was considerably reduced by the numbers who had fallen in the streets, was blockaded. The women performed the same courageous and efficient part in the Coso and other parts of the city; and the Carlists, who so lately were drawn up in menacing array, were now glad to retire in search of some strong position, where they could act upon the defensive. This they did with bent knees and lowered heads, creeping under the balconies like sportsmen in search of game, as far as attitude was concerned; but they themselves were the prey which the valiant people of Zaragoza were hunting down.

They were followed up vigorously by the brave Nacionales, and driven from post to post with great loss. Upwards of fifty of those belonging to the battalion which was blockaded in the church fled towards one of the city gates called *La Puerta del Portillo*, and were hotly pursued by a party of Nacionales. When the breathless Carlists arrived at the gate, they found it closed! The Nacionales fell upon them with ungovernable fury, and every man was killed. The gate of the Portillo was barricaded by more than fifty dead bodies! The fight now became general. Cabanero who was so certain of gaining possession of the capital of Aragon, that it was said he had caused his dinner to be ordered at the fonda or hotel, rode off with the remnant of his cavalry, and did not halt until he arrived at Torroja, about a league from Zaragoza. He was followed by as many of the infantry as could make their escape from the bullets of the

Nacionales, and the avalanche of pestles and mortars, and all sorts of domestic utensils and household goods. Great numbers were laid low during this precipitate retreat.

The battalion which had taken sanctuary in the church of San Pablo surrendered at discretion; as did about one hundred men who had fled to the church of Santa Lucia. And to the honour of the brave citizens of Zaragoza be it recorded, that they treated their prisoners with the utmost humanity. The wounded were carefully removed to the hospitals, and experienced the kindest treatment, and the dead were decently buried. Nearly two hundred Carlists were killed, and several hundreds wounded. The Nacionales had only eight killed, but great numbers were wounded, some very severely. The Carlists carried off forty Nacionales whom they took prisoners during the first moments of surprise; but these were speedily exchanged. It would be altogether unjust not to record that the garrison of Zaragoza, insignificant in point of numbers as it was, did its part to the uttermost in gallantly co-operating with the Nacionales and inhabitants on this eventful morning.

It is a remarkable fact, that Brigadier-General Esteller, who, in the absence of the captain-general, commanded in Zaragoza and its province, was not seen until after the rebels had been driven beyond the gates of the city by the spontaneous gallantry of the inhabitants—Nacionales, women, and children—and of the very small body of regular troops who, of their own accord, joined in the defence wherever they could. After the expulsion of the Carlist forces, he mingled with the citizens, and joined in the universal congratulations. But he was coldly received: not only so, he was hotly reproached as a traitor; he was hustled, and with great difficulty made his way to his residence, declaring that he was willing and ready to give up his command, if such should be the people's will.

In the afternoon the attitude of the population became so menacing, that the Nacionales who were on guard at the residence of the general, being anxious to save his life, conveyed him, under the escort of fourteen decided men, to the jail as a prisoner, preparatory to his being brought to trial for neglect of duty.

The report was current among the people that the general was informed, at nine on the Sunday evening, that Cabanero's force was approaching, and that he left the inhabitants in total ignorance of their danger, and did not take any steps to guard against a surprise. It is very difficult to form a correct judgment as to the conduct of responsible officers in cases of this nature. The more charitable supposition is, that when the general saw the Coso occupied by an imposing Carlist force, he became paralysed by the influence of fear. But however he may be absolved from the charge of connivance at the enemy's proceedings, he was, it is to be feared, deficient in the vigilance and activity requisite for the efficient discharge of the highly responsible duty of securing against a surprise so important a city as Zaragoza, situated in immediate proximity to a numerous armed rebel force, which was well organised, and commanded by astute and active leaders.

The humane precautions of the Nacionales were of no avail: the murmurings of the people were not thus to be quelled. From every corner of the ancient city the population surged and surged towards the Inquisition, the name of the prison-house—formerly that of the dread tribunal whose title it bears—to which the unhappy General Esteller had been conveyed, with the most generous intentions, by the Nacionales. *Abajo el traidor!*—(Down with the traitor!)—was the universal cry. The tide of people became enormously swollen as it approached the prison. Some arrests had taken place, and several delinquencies had been proved; the carpenter who had furnished the ladders was found out and condemned to death, together with some others who were accused of treachery.

The Aragonese are a determined race of people. If there be time for those whom they respect to remonstrate with them when in a state of exasperation, they will generally listen to the voice of reason; but if they congregate in sufficient numbers to go on their way without effective opposition, they act without remorse when they have been outraged, or believe that they have been betrayed. This mass of excited people, flushed with their recent victory over the Carlists, and burning with thirst for the blood of those whom they believed to be traitors, presented themselves in horrible array in front of the prison. *Esteller! Esteller!*—the traitor Esteller! they cried. There was a guard of Nacionales at the prison-gate, these brave men stood to their arms, and remonstrated with the frantic populace; but they could not make any effectual resistance. The unfortunate general was dragged from prison, and forced along towards the place of execution; but before the awful assemblage arrived there, he was no longer a living man. The crowd reached the Plaza del Sepulcro just as the volley was fired which terminated the existence of the convicted traitors.

Such are the appalling effects produced by that most dreadful of all national calamities—civil war. We in England are now happily exempt from such distressing scenes, but the pages of the past history of our own country supply proofs that, in a state of political transition analogous to that of poor Spain at the present day, the English people were not less fatally excitable than the Spaniards, for whom sufficient allowance is not generally made by other nations who have long ago accomplished their own revolutions. On the following day, the bodies of the eight Nacionales who had gloriously fallen whilst defending their city and their homes, were interred with military honours. They were followed to their graves by the greater portion of the population. Zaragoza was immediately restored to its usually tranquil state. The gates, however, were guarded with additional vigilance, and no attempt was thenceforth made, either from without or within, to deliver the city into the hands of the enemy.

It was my fortune to be in Zaragoza at the next celebration of the festival of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, on the 12th of October. The striking scenes then presented to my eyes are worthy of description, as at once singular in themselves, and bearing a strong impress from the affair of the Facciosos. This anniversary, which is always celebrated with enthusiasm, had been looked forward to by all classes with peculiar interest, inasmuch as they attributed their salvation, on the memorable 5th of March, to the miraculous agency of our Lady of the Pillar, the vigilant guardian of the ancient and heroic city. From a very early hour the country people flocked into Zaragoza through every one of its gates, and the loyal inhabitants were actively engaged in preparations for celebrating the festival. The day was remarkably fine; the large square called *La Plaza del Pilar*, was by eleven o'clock thronged with men—a large proportion of whom were in their handsome uniforms as Nacionales—women, and children all in their gayest dresses, and on their way to the cathedral of Nuestra Senora del Pilar, whose multiplied domes, incrustated with variegated porcelain tile glittered in the sun. The magnificent church was already crowded, and high-mass was being celebrated at the grand altar, which is formed of alabaster, elaborately sculptured, and on this great occasion was illuminated by hundreds of massive wax candles.

So great was the concourse, that a long line of people, on their knees, extended through the open portal as far as several yards across the plaza. It was a singular, a most interesting scene. The brave Aragonese kneeling in a stream of light, the men bareheaded, though the heat of the sun was intense; the solemn notes of the organ, the aromatic odour of the incense, the pomp of the service of the Roman Catholic church, the deep-toned voices of the canons as they chanted in the choir, the mothers leading their children to the massive silver balustrade of the Virgin's chapel, and there kneeling with them, and offering heartfelt thanksgivings for their escape from the horrors of a nocturnal assault, all was beyond description, affecting.

When the service of the mass was concluded, one of the canons, well known for his energetic patriotism, and who had, when a youth, performed his part in the noble defence of his native city against the French besiegers, ascended the pulpit, and, amidst the deepest silence on the part of the thousands who listened attentively to his words, preached a sermon, in which he referred to the special divine protection which had ever been bestowed upon Zaragoza; its heroic resistance to the conqueror of Austerlitz, Marengo, and Jena; and finally the triumph of the preceding 5th of March.

The most patriotic sentiments pervaded this remarkable and opportune discourse, in which the worthy canon pointed out the hypocrisy of those who, under the mask of religion, were stirring up strife, causing bloodshed, and betraying their fellow countrymen. He earnestly recommended all to unite firmly in defence of the solid principles of the Christian faith, of the throne of their queen, Isabel II., and of the constitution; finishing by the following appeal:—"Bless us all, oh our Mother of the Pillar, and give us peace in this land of so many miseries, and hereafter eternal peace in glory!" After the blessing, a low hum of approbation arose from the congregation, who gradually retired. Not a single individual, however, left the cathedral without offering a prayer before the image of Our Lady of the Pillar, in the small but beautiful chapel dedicated to her worship. This image—which, according to a tradition firmly believed by the Zaragozanos, and inhabitants of other parts of Spain, was, together with the pillar or column which it surmounts, brought from Jerusalem by the living Virgin Mary herself attended by a choir of angels—stands in a niche over the smaller of the three altars in the chapel, which is of oval form. The glory—of pure gold—by which the head is surrounded is very large, and the quantity of rich jewels with which it is inlaid prevents the face from being seen; so blinding to the perception of any other object is the glitter of a profusion of large diamonds and precious stones of great value. The legend of the miraculous image states that the face is made of a wood unknown in the created globe. None but ecclesiastics are permitted to pass within the silver balustrade which separates the chapel from the other portion of the interior of the cathedral. At the back of the chapel, in a dark recess in one of the spacious aisles, there is a jasper slab set into the wall; it corresponds exactly to the spot where the pillar and image stand in the chapel; and the faithful, after praying before those objects of their veneration, repair to the jasper slab and kiss it. There is a hollow in the stone, about the size of the human mouth, worn by the pressure of millions of lips against it during many years.

When the ceremonies of the church were concluded, the inhabitants and strangers retired to their homes, and to the various places where refreshments were to be procured, to partake of the usual mid-day meal; and in about two hours afterwards the outdoor diversions of the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar commenced. The gigantes, or giants, performed a prominent part on this occasion. Drawn up in a row, in due form and ceremony, in the Plaza del Pilar, and in front of the cathedral, were four gigantes, fully nine feet in height. One was a Moor, with tawny face and large staring black eyes; a turban encircled his head, and a long party-colored robe covered what represented his body, but which was nothing more than a lathen frame, sheltering some ordinarily sized mortal, who in due time was to set in motion the formidable gigante, who had bare, brown, bulky arms, and whose right hand grasped an immense wooden scimeter. By his side was a giantess, whose very long visage was illuminated by a pair of great blue eyes, while her colossal arms were genteelly folded on her ample bosom. The next giant represented an old, serious looking man, with flaxen hair peeping from beneath a cotton handkerchief of many colors, folded in the form of a band or fillet which encircled his head. His partner was a giantess, whose face and arms were of a fine bronze color. She was habited in a whitish gown, rather short in the waist, which was encircled by a broad band made of brick-dust coloured leather, fastened behind with an enormous brass buckle. Presently the giants advanced towards the outlets from the plaza with solemn pace. Now and then they performed a slow dance with a gravity not much exceeding what is often assumed by common-sized living people at balls and assemblies. They were followed by a great concourse of happily-disposed grown up folks, and by hundreds of boys and girls; and thus joyously accompanied, the giants perambulated the heroic city.

In the afternoon there was a bull fight in the Plaza de Toros, a fine amphitheatre attached to the Hospicio de la Misericordia, which is an excellent charitable establishment. Its revenues are chiefly derived from the profits of the corridas de toros, or bull fights, which take place on the anniversaries of the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar. How the amphitheatre was thronged on this memorable occasion! The robust picadores, the gaily attired and agile chulos and banderilleros, the scientific matadores—all display wondrous courage and activity; and it was dark before the last toro was dispatched. It must be on another occasion that I express my feelings regarding this favorite amusement of Spain.

That night, the Coso, the theatre, and the beautiful public promonades of Zaragoza were thronged with gay company, and the festival of Nuestra Señora del Pilar ended as happily as it began.

BRITISH INDIA.

The History of British India from 1805 to 1835. By H. H. Wilson, M. A. Vol. II. Madden & Malcolm.

Professor Wilson's second volume, in continuation of Mill, is devoted to the administration of the Marquis of Hastings; which he regards as the completion of the great scheme commenced by Lord Clive, and developed by Warren Hastings and the Marquis of Wellesley. During the nine years of his government, the Marquis consolidated the supremacy of the British empire in India. Its enemies were humbled in a series of brilliant campaigns—its permanence was assured by a wise and liberal policy in every department of the state. The Mahratta power, which interposed a compact between the three presidencies of Bengal, Madras, and Bombay, was broken down; and the intervening country pierced in every direction by British districts and dependencies. The authority of Britain was established from the Himalaya to the sea; Rajput, Mahratta and Mohammedan were forced to remain at peace and respect each other's rights, under its influence; and, though wars have since been waged beyond the bound-

aries of Hindustan, no serious interruption of internal tranquillity has been suffered, or even attempted.

Scarcely had the new Governor-General arrived in India, as Earl Moira, ere, in the midst of much financial embarrassment, he had to prepare for war with the fierce Gorkhas of Nepal. The principles on which the war should be conducted were open to controversy. The Court of Directors and the Board of Control were anxious that the system should be purely defensive; the Governor-General saw the impossibility of defending all the vulnerable points on a line of frontier seven hundred miles in extent,—and felt, at the same time, that the difficulties of providing transport and procuring supplies for a large army would render it very hazardous to move with a concentrated force through the barren and rugged country around Khatmandu, the Gorkha capital. He planned, therefore, a simultaneous attack by four divisions on the long line of the Gorkha conquests; where it was supposed that the chiefs and people, being recently subjugated, would be ready to revolt against their oppressors. An error similar to that which proved so fatal in Afghanistan was committed, at the outset,—the prowess of the Gorkhas was underrated. They were attacked under circumstances wherein, unless they were the veriest cowards in creation, their resistance must have been successful; and after our soldiers had suffered several sharp repulses the valour of the Gorkhas began to be as absurdly exaggerated as it was at first ignorantly contemned. Fortunately, General Ochterlony, who commanded in chief, did not share in the timidity of his subordinates. The battles on the heights of Malaun and Makwanpur redeemed the reputation of the Indian army; and compelled the court of Nepal to submit to the terms dictated by the victor. The wisdom of the policy of the Governor-General was acknowledged, when it had been tested by success; and he was raised to the rank and title of Marquis of Hastings. So little is known of North-Eastern India, that we must quote Professor Wilson's estimate of the value of the territories acquired in the Gorkha war:—

"Although the territory acquired by the British Government was not of great extent or financial value, yet few accessions have been obtained of deeper interest or greater prospective importance. The territories actually appropriated, or those held under British authority by the dependent hill rajas, have given to British India the command of an impenetrable barrier on the north, of a path across the loftiest mountains of the Old World to the regions of Central Asia. Countries, before unknown, have been added to geography; and Nature has been explored by Science in some of her most rare and majestic developments. The elements of civilization have been introduced amongst the rude inhabitants of the mountains; and they have been taught the value of industrious habits, and the advantage of social intercourse. Roads have been cut along the sides of precipices; bridges constructed over mountain torrents; stations have been formed which have grown into towns; and the stir and activity of human life have disturbed the silence of the lonely forests, and broken the slumber of the eternal snows. Still mightier changes are in progress. Barren as are the rocks of the Himalaya, they are not wholly unproductive; and they are fringed at least by fertile valleys that want only cultivation. Under a climate more congenial to European organization than the sultry plains of India, and with space through which they may freely spread, the descendants of a northern race may be able to aggregate and multiply; and if British colonies be ever formed in the East, with a chance of preserving the moral and physical energies of the parent country, it is to the vales and mountains of the Indian Alps that we must look for their existence,—it will be to the Gorkha war that they will trace their origin."

The war in Ceylon was too little connected with the Indian government to require notice; and we shall, therefore, turn to the political condition of Central India, and the dangers with which British supremacy was menaced when the Marquis of Hastings found it necessary to call into action the forces of the three Presidencies. The Mahratta states had long viewed the increasing power of the English with great jealousy; and when the Nepal war removed so large a portion of the Bengal force as forty thousand men to a remote frontier, they made secret preparations to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity for restoring their ancient ascendancy. The chief Mahratta leaders north of the Nerbudda were Scindia, whose capital was Gwalior—and Holkar, whose seat of government was Indore. South of that river, the chief Mahratta powers were the Peshwa, who resided at Poonah, and the Raja of Nagpore. The Peshwa was considered the supreme head of the Mahratta confederacy; but his power over his feudatories was merely nominal—each Raja acting as an independent prince in his own territory. It was in consequence of the disordered condition of the Mahratta states that the Pindarries, and other bands of freebooters, became formidable. They were secretly encouraged by the jealous Rajas to attack their rivals. Scindia almost openly granted them protection and encouragement; and Holkar occasionally took troops of them into pay. Not merely the prosperity, but the very safety, of the British possessions required the adoption of energetic measures to put an end to the ravages of these confederated plunderers.

The Peshwa was far from being pleased with some decisions of the English governors, when called upon to act as arbitrators between him and some of his nominal feudatories. He was particularly annoyed at being obliged to renounce his claim to supremacy over the petty principalities of Kolapur and Sawunt Warri. These little states, on the shores of the northern Konkan, had been, for more than a century, the scourge of the western seas. They fitted out piratical vessels, of small size and light burthen; which easily baffled the vigilance of our cruisers, by keeping closer to the shores than was safe for European vessels. In the year 1812, Lord Minto compelled these States to enter into certain engagements; by which their principal ports were placed in our hands, and consequently the continuance of these piracies was prevented. This, however, gave great offence to the Peshwa; who expected to derive the same advantages from the pirates that Scindia did from the Pindarries. Demands were made on the Gaekwar and the Nizam, as an excuse for maintaining communication with the courts of Baroda and Hyderabad. Mr. Elphinstone, the British resident at Poonah, exerted himself to have these claims arranged; and the Gaekwar sent an agent to negotiate with the Peshwa,—having first obtained the guarantee of the British government for his safety. This agent was murdered by Trimlakji Danglia, the confidential minister of the Peshwa,—who protected the assassin. These events occurred at the moment when the Governor-General had just concerted his measures for the suppression of the Pindarries; but he did not hesitate in declaring war against the head of the Mahratta confederacy—seeing that the overthrow of the Peshwa was necessary to the subjugation of the freebooters. A brilliant exploit at Nagpur greatly tended, at this crisis, to lower the Mahrattas. The battle fought near this city was one of the most glorious in itself, and most important in its results, to be found in the modern annals of India; and the account given of it by Professor Wilson is the most impartial that has yet appeared:—

"During the night, the whole of the Mahratta army, which had hitherto taken

no part in the engagement, moved out into the plain; and as they extended in a semicircle round the south and west, were distinctly discernible by the light of the moon, the illumination afforded by the firing on either side, and the conflagration of the Arab huts: at dawn of the 27th they occupied the plain in dark, dense masses of horse, interspersed with considerable bodies of infantry, and a numerous artillery. They abstained, however, from any serious demonstration against the Residency, and were contented to remain spectators of the action, which still continued along the hills, where appearances began to assume an aspect most unfavourable to the British. By seven in the morning, nine pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon the northern eminence, to which the detachment could make no effective return from the two guns in their position. Between nine and ten one of them was disabled and withdrawn to the rear; which the Arabs observing, they rushed impetuously up the hill, and in spite of their resistance, drove the defenders from the summit. Guns were immediately brought up and directed against the right of the British line; which, thus laid bare to a flank cannonade from a rather superior elevation, suffered severely, and officers and men fell fast before the enemy's fire. Some of the Arabs crossed the hill, and set the huts of the escort at its western base on fire; while others, boldly advancing along the ridge, planted their standards within seventy or eighty yards of the southern elevation. The enemy in the plain were, also, in movement; the masses were closing round to the rear of the position, and their guns had begun to take effect upon the cavalry stationed in the Residency grounds. The prospect was gloomy,—when the day was redeemed by a well-timed and gallant exploit. Being galled by the enemy's fire, Captain Fitzgerald, in disregard of the orders which had commanded him to stand firm, resolved to make a dash against the horse and guns most in advance; and with his three troops of Bengal cavalry, and twenty-five men of the Madras body-guard, he rushed upon the foremost mass of the enemy's horse. The charge was irresistible; the unwieldy column was repeatedly penetrated and broken, and entirely dispersed. Their guns were seized and directed against the fugitives; and before the enemy had recovered from their surprise, Capt. Fitzgerald with his trophies was again at his post. This rally turned the tide of affairs. It had been witnessed from the hill, and gave fresh courage to the Sipahis. Charging the Arabs, they compelled them to fall back to the left. At this instant, a tremor on the northern hill exploded; and taking advantage of the confusion which it occasioned, the Sipahis pressed forward and recovered the position, dislodging the Arabs from the summit, and driving them not only down the slope, but from the suburbs at its foot. They attempted to rally, but were taken in flank by a troop of cavalry which had charged round the northern extremity of the line, and completed the expulsion of the assailants from its eastern front. By noon they were, likewise, driven from their advance upon the southern hill, with the loss of two guns; and no longer venturing to approach the British line, confined their efforts to a distant and comparatively harmless cannonade. Even this ceased by three o'clock, and the struggle ended in the unexpected triumph of the British detachment. They had not purchased it without loss. One-fourth of their number was killed or wounded, including seventeen officers. Nor were the casualties confined to the military. The imminence of the peril had enlisted the Resident and his civil staff in the ranks; and while they had shown themselves by their firm bearing and steady courage, worthy companions of their military brethren in the hour of danger, they had been exposed to similar casualties.

Apa Sahab, the Raja of Nagpur, was dethroned, and kept a captive. He subsequently escaped—but never again became formidable. The defeat of Holkar's army, at Mahidpur, still further humbled the pride of the Mahrattas; and Scindia, whose policy had long wavered, was decided by these events to remain quiet. The Peshwa, driven from his capital, was very closely pursued; and at length surrendered to Sir John Malcolm, on terms which have given rise to much controversy:—

"The conditions stipulated that Baji Rao should resign for himself and his successors all claim to sovereignty; that he should repair, with his family, and a limited number of his adherents and attendants, to the camp of Brigadier-General Malcolm, whence he should be escorted to Benares, or any sacred place in Hindustan which the Governor-General, at his request, might appoint for his future residence. In the event of his prompt submission, he was promised a liberal pension,—not less than eight lakhs of rupees per annum: that his requests in favour of such of his followers as had been ruined by their devotion to his cause, should meet with liberal attention,—and that the same should be paid to his representations in favour of Brahmins and religious establishments supported by his family."

These terms were deemed much too favourable by the Governor-General: and, though he ratified the articles, he censured Sir John Malcolm with some severity.

The supremacy which the British established over the Mahratta states, was wisely extended to Rajputana. Professor Wilson justly remarks:

"The international peace of Hindustan was secured; and neither Rajput nor Mahratta dared henceforth draw his sword against his neighbour. The maintenance of tranquillity within the several states was less effectually cared for. Non-interference in the internal administration of each state was an invariable condition of their allegiance,—a forbearance which it was impossible always to observe, and which, when observed, was generally attended with mischievous results to both prince and people. The latter had been too long accustomed to a state of violence and disorder to become at once peaceable and obedient subjects: and the former were at all times inclined to abuse their power, and tyrannize over those under their sway. Sources of dissension were inherent in the conflicting pretensions of the sovereign and his Thakurs—his clansmen and barons—high-spirited but turbulent chiefs, too arrogant to acknowledge subjection—too rude and ignorant to make a profitable use of independence—constantly engaged in feuds with each other, or with their prince—disregarding all law, except that of the strongest—placing all their notions of honour in personal impunity, and trusting to their swords alone for the preservation of their rights and the assertion of their claims—it required nothing less than the strong hand of the British power to restrain them from involving themselves and their countrymen in scenes of strife and bloodshed. That hand has been somewhat capriciously interposed; sometimes held out and sometimes withdrawn. The policy pursued at one period has been departed from at another, and Rajputana has been consequently agitated by storms which a more decided, although at the same time moderate, application of authority might have dissipated in their birth."

Merited praise is, in this work, bestowed on the Marquis of Hastings for supporting Sir Stamford Raffles in his ill-requited efforts to preserve for England some portion of the trade of the East Indian Archipelago—so foolishly, if not treacherously, abandoned to the Dutch, at the Congress of Vienna. We could wish that Professor Wilson had dwelt more explicitly on this point. He writes like one who knows more than he deems it prudent to reveal: and we are the

more struck by this caution, because the rest of the volume is marked by a fearless candour and impartiality—qualities always valuable, but never more important than in the history of British India.

FAIRY LORE.

The Nightingale and other Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Charles Boner. With numerous Illustrations by Count Pocci, Pp. 174. London, J. Cundall.

Every thing produced by Andersen carries the stamp of originality and genius with it; and on the present occasion he has received the advantage of a strictly correct and admirable translation—communicating his own spirit to the English text. It is, then, a charming little volume of Fairy Tales, full of invention and fancy, and yet pointed with excellent morals, as it is adorned with pleasant and characteristic embellishments. We are gratified to exemplify such a performance of modern taste and ingenuity on the same sheet which is informed by the recondite biblical learning of Mr. Osburn. The motto is good—

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

And our task is as easy as it is agreeable. Let our young readers but turn to the "Nightingale," "The Buck-Wheat," "The Fellow Traveller," and others of the longer stories. We select the shortest as a specimen:

"The Flying Trunk."

"There was once a merchant, who was so rich that he could pave the whole street, and almost a little alley into the bargain, with silver coin; but he did not do it: he knew better what to do with his money; and when he spent a shilling he gained a crown, so good a trader was he; and—he died. His son inherited all his money. But he led a merry life, went every evening to the masquerade, made kites of bank-notes, and took guineas instead of stones to play at duck-and-drake with on the lake. It was, therefore, no wonder if his money began to disappear, which it very soon did; so that at last he had only twopence in his pocket, and nothing else but a pair of slippers and an old dressing-gown. His friends did not trouble themselves about him any more, now that they could not walk across the street with him; but one of these, who had a kind heart, sent him an old trunk, and said, 'Pack up your things, and be off!' That was all very well, but he had nothing to pack up, so he got into the trunk himself. 'Twas a droll trunk! As soon as one pressed the lock it could fly: the merchant's son did so; and holloa! up flew the trunk with him straight up the chimney, and away into the clouds, farther and farther off. The bottom cracked, and he was very uneasy; for if the bottom had given way, a pretty tumble he would have had! But nothing of the sort happened.

"Well, in this way he reached Turkey. He hid the trunk in a wood, under the dry leaves, and went into the town; for this he could very well do, as among the Turks every body walked about in dressing-gown and slippers. Presently he met a nurse with a little child. 'I say, nurse,' said he, 'what castle is that yonder with high windows, just outside the town?' 'The king's daughter lives there,' said she; 'it has been foretold that she will become very unhappy on account of a lover; and so no one dare come near her when the king and queen are not present.' 'Thank you,' said the merchant's son; and he went out into the wood, seated himself in his trunk, flew up to the roof, and crept through the window to the princess. She lay on a sofa and slept. She was so beautiful that the son of the merchant could not help giving her a kiss. This awoke her, nor was she a little afraid; but he said he was the Prophet of the Turks, who had come to her through the air; and this satisfied her. So he sat down, and told her stories about her eyes: these were the most beautiful dark lakes; and thoughts swam about in them like mermaids. And he told her a story about her forehead: this was a mountain of snow, with glorious vaulted halls. They were such pretty stories; and then he made the princess an offer, and she immediately said 'Yes.' 'But you must come here on Saturday,' said she. 'The king and the queen are coming to me to tea; they will be so glad to hear that I am to marry the Prophet of the Turks! But take care to have a very pretty fairy-tale to relate; for my parents like that above any thing. My mother likes it to be very moral, and very aristocratic; and my father likes it to be merry, so that one may have a hearty laugh.' Very well; I shall bring no other bridal gift than a fairy-tale,' said he. And so they parted; but before he went, the princess gave him a sabre studded with gold; and a very acceptable present it was. Now he flew off, bought himself a new dressing-gown, and sat out in the wood composing the fairy-tale, which was to be ready by Saturday evening; and composing, let me tell you, is no easy matter. But at last it was ready; and Saturday too was come. The king, the queen, and all the court drank tea that evening at the princess's. The suitor was extremely well received. 'Will you relate us a fairy-tale?' said the queen; 'one that has a profound meaning, and that is instructive—' 'But that is laughable too,' said the king. 'Yes, certainly,' said he, and began his tale; and now you must listen very attentively.

"There was once upon a time a bundle of matches, and they were very proud of their high descent. Their genealogical tree—that is to say, the great fir-tree, of which each of them was a chip—had been once a very stately old tree in the forest. Now the matches lay on the shelf between a flint and steel and an old iron saucepan, and to them they told the history of their youth. 'Ah, while we were still on the green bough, then were we indeed on the green bough!' said they. 'Pearl tea morning and evening,—that was the dew; the sun shone on us the whole day, when he did shine; and all the little birds were obliged to tell us stories. We could easily see that we were rich; for the other trees were dressed in green only in summer, whilst our family possessed the means of wearing green both winter and summer. But the wood-cutter came, that was the great revolution, and our family was divided: he whom we looked upon as our chief support got a place on a large ship, that could sail round the world if it liked; and the other branches were placed in various situations: and our vocation is to give light; and therefore we, people of high pedigree as we are, have come here into the kitchen.' 'Ah! my fate has been very different,' said the iron sauce-pan, near which the matches lay. 'From the very moment that I came into the world I have been scoured and boiled, oh, how often! I always side with the respectable and conservative; and belong, in reality, to the very first in the house. My sole pleasure is to lie down, nice and clean, after dinner, and to have a little rational talk with my comrades; but if I except the bucket, that now and then comes into the yard, our life here is a very homely and quiet one. Our only newsmonger is the coal-scuttle; but he talks so demagogically about 'the people' and 'the government,' that a short time ago an old earthen pot was so shocked at his conversation that it dropped down and broke into a thousand pieces. Oh, he belongs to the Radicals, let me tell you.' 'Now you are talking too much,' said the flint, and it struck against the steel, so that the sparks flew out. 'Shall we not have a merry evening?' 'Yes; let us talk about who is of the highest rank and the most genteel,' said the

matches. 'No; I have no wish to talk about myself,' said the earthenware dish; 'let us have a refined and sentimental evening. I will begin.'

"I will relate a tale of every-day life: one can fancy one's-self so well in similar situations, and that is so interesting. On the shores of the Baltic, beneath the Danish beeches—'That is a splendid beginning!' said all the plates; 'that is certainly a very interesting story!' 'There, in a quiet family, I passed my youth: the furniture was polished, the floor was washed, and clean muslin curtains were put up every fortnight.' 'What an interesting story you are telling us!' said the duster. 'One hears in a moment that it is a young lady who speaks, such an air of purity breathes in every word.' 'Yes, that one does feel indeed,' said the water-pail, much moved, and in such broken accents that there was quite a splash on the floor. And the dish went on with the story, and the end was as good as the beginning. All the plates rattled with delight; and the duster took some green parsley off the dresser, and crowned the dish, for he knew this would annoy the others; and thought he, if I crown her to-day, she will crown me to-morrow. 'Now let us dance!' said the tongs, beginning immediately; and, good heavens, how she could fling one leg up in the air! The old arm-chair-covering in the corner burst at the sight. 'Am I not to be crowned now?' said the tongs; and so forthwith she got a laurel-wreath too. 'What a low set!' said the matches to themselves. It was now the tea-urn's turn to sing something; but she said she had taken cold, indeed, she could only sing when excited; but that was nothing but pride; for she would only sing when standing on the drawing-room table among ladies and gentlemen. Behind, in the window, sat an old pen, that the maid used to write with. There was nothing remarkable about it, except that it was too deeply immersed in ink; but that was just what it was proud of, and made a fuss about. 'If the tea-urn will not sing,' it said, 'why, she may leave it alone; but there is a nightingale in a cage; she can sing. It is true she has been taught nothing. However, this evening we will speak ill of nobody.' 'I find it most improper,' said the tea-kettle, who was kitchen chorus-singer, and step-brother to the tea-urn—'I find it most improper that such a foreign bird should be patronised. Is that patriotic? I will ask the coal-scuttle, and let him decide.' 'As to me, I am vexed,' said the latter; 'thoroughly vexed! Is this the way to spend the evening! Would it not be far better to turn the whole house upside-down, and to establish a new and natural order of things! In this way each one would find his proper place, and I would undertake to direct the change.' 'Yes, let us kick up a row!' cried all at once. At the same moment the door opened: it was the house-maid! All were silent; not one dared to utter a word. Yet there was not a single greasepot but knew what he could do, and of what consequence he was: 'Yes, if I had chosen,' thought they, 'fine work there would have been this evening!' The maid took the matches to get a light. Good heavens, how they sputtered, and then stood all in a blaze! 'Now may everybody see,' thought they, 'that we are first in rank. How we shine! What lustre! What light!—and so saying, they went out.

"That was acapital tale," said the queen, 'I felt as if I was in the kitchen the whole time. Yes, you certainly shall have our daughter.' All was fixed for the wedding; and the evening before the whole town was illuminated: nuts and cakes were flung among the people; and the boys in the street stood upon tip-toe and shouted 'Hurrah!' It was magnificent! 'I must also do something,' said the merchant's son; and he bought rockets, squibs, crackers and all imaginable fire works, seated himself in his trunk, and flew up in the air. Hurrah! that was a sight! how it blazed! Every Turk, when he beheld it, gave such a jump that his slippers flew over his ears; for an appearance in the air like this they never had seen before. They now comprehended that it really must be the Prophet of the Turks who was to have the Princess. As soon as the merchant's son with his trunk was again in the wood, he said to himself, 'I think I'll just go into the town and hear how it looked.' And very natural it was that he wished to know. Well, to be sure! What stories the people told! Each one whom he asked had seen it in his way; but they all had thought it superb. 'I saw the prophet himself,' said one; 'he had eyes like gleaming stars, and a beard like foaming water.' 'He flew by in a mantle of fire,' said another. 'The dearest little cherubs peeped out from beneath its folds. True enough, he heard the most wonderful things, and on the following day he was to celebrate his wedding.

"He now went back into the wood to get his trunk—but where was it! The trunk was burnt. A spark from the fireworks had fallen into it unobserved, had set fire to it; and there the trunk lay in ashes! Now the poor merchant's son could fly no longer, and was unable to get to his betrothed. She stood the whole day on the road waiting for him; she is waiting there still. As for him, he goes about the world telling stories; but they are not so amusing as the one of the bundle of matches.

"The 'Garden of Paradise,' which follows, is a fine morality; and 'The Wild Swan,' a genuine excursion upon fairy land. The whole concludes with 'Ole Luckoie, the giver of dreams as they are related every night for a week to a little boy named Hjalmar. A passage of Friday's introduction, and a sample of the dreams will aptly close this notice.

"Friday.—It is incredible what a quantity of old people are always wanting to have me," said Ole Luckoie, 'particularly those who have done something wicked! "Good dear Ole Luckoie," say they to me, 'we cannot close our eyes; and we lie the whole night and see all our misdeeds, that sit like little ugly goblins at the foot of our bed, and sprinkle us with hot water. Do come and drive them away that we may get a little sound sleep! "And then they heave deep sighs. 'We will willingly pay you:—good night, Ole, the money lies on the window sill! "But I don't do it for money," said the old man.

"Saturday. 'Am I to hear a story?' said little Hjalmar, as soon as the good natured Ole had got him to sleep. 'We have no time this evening,' said Ole, spreading out his handsomest umbrella over him. 'Look at these Chinese!' And the large umbrella looked like a great china plate with blue trees and pointed bridges, full of little Chinese standing and nodding their heads. 'We must get the whole in order for to-morrow,' said Ole Luckoie; 'to-morrow is a holy-day, it is Sunday. I must go up to the church spire, to see if all the little church sprites have polished the bells, that they may sound melodiously. I must away into the fields, to see if the wind have swept the dust from the grass and the leaves; I must take down all the stars and polish them. I take them all in my apron; but they must first be numbered, and the holes where they belong must be numbered too, so that each may get his right place, otherwise they would not sit tight; and we should have a quantity of falling stars if one after the other were to tumble down.' 'I'll tell you what, Mr. Luckoie,' said an old Portrait, that hung on the wall near which Hjalmar slept. 'I am Hjalmar's great-grandfather. I am very much obliged to you for telling the boy pretty stories, but you must not set his ideas in confusion. Stars cannot be taken down and polished. Stars are globes like our world, and that is the very best thing about them. 'Many thanks, old great-grandfather,' said Ole. 'Very many thanks! You are, it is

true, an old great grandfather, but I am older than you. I am an old heathen; the Greeks and Romans named me the God of Dreams. I have been in the houses of the great, and still go there. I know how to deal with great and little! Now, then, do you tell a story!' And Ole went away, and took his umbrella with him. Now-a-days one dare not say what one thinks! murmured the old portrait. And here Hjalmar awoke.

"Sunday. 'Good evening,' said Ole; and Hjalmar nodded, and ran quickly to the portrait of his great-grandfather, and turned it with the face to the wall, in order that it might not mix in the conversation like it did yesterday evening. 'Now you must tell me a story about the five green peas that lived in a pea-shell, and about the cock that paid his addresses to the hen, and of the darning-needle that wanted to be very fine, and fancied itself a sewing-needle.' 'One can have too much of a good thing,' said Ole. 'I will rather shew you something. I will shew you my brother; but he never comes but once; and when he does come to any body he takes him on his horse, and tells him stories. He knows only two; the one is indescribably beautiful, such as no one in the world can imagine; and the other is so horrible and frightful—I cannot say how dreadful!' And he lifted little Hjalmar up to the window, and said: 'There, look at my brother, the other Ole; he is, it is true, sometimes called Death! You see, he does not look half so horrid as he is made in picture-books, where he is all bones. All that is silver embroidery that he has on his dress! it is the richest hussar uniform! a cloak of black velvet flies behind him over his horse: look! how he gallops!' And Hjalmar saw how Ole Luckoie's brother rode away, and took the young and the old up with him on his horse. Some he set before him, and others behind; but he always asked first what testimonials they had. 'Oh, good ones,' said they all. 'Yes, but let me look myself,' said he; and then they were obliged to shew him the book: and all those who had 'very good,' or 'particularly good,' came before him on horseback, and heard the beautiful story; but those who had 'pretty well,' or 'bad,' in their books, were obliged to get behind and hear the dreadful one. They trembled and cried, and wanted to jump down from the horse, but they could not, for they and the horse had grown together. 'But Death is the more beautiful of the two,' said Hjalmar; 'I am not afraid of him.' 'Nor should you be,' said Ole; 'only take care that you have a good certificate in your book.' 'Yes, that is instructive,' murmured the great-grandpapa's portrait; 'it is, however, a good thing to express one's opinion after all; and now the old gentleman was pleased.'

A SKETCH FROM PARISIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE "ECRIVAIN PUBLIC."

Eighteen months after the terrible scene we have just narrated, we find De Monville seated in his study in the Rue de Grenelle. He had grown pale and much thinner, and appeared several years older than at that period. He was married. Madame Valmont, his cousin, of whose estimable qualities we have before spoken, had become his wife. A few words are necessary to explain this change in the situation of the two relatives towards each other.

After De Monville's rupture with Louisa a violent fever had for some time endangered his life. He must have died had it not been for the tender and unremitting care of his mother and his gentle cousin. And on his recovery, though broken in spirit, gratitude and friendship bound him to existence, for their sakes more than for his own. But the deepest melancholy succeeded the exhaustion of his fever. He allowed himself to be transported to the country, agreeably to the advice of his physicians, who hoped that a purer air would restore his sunken energies, and a change of objects aid in obliterating the impressions of the past.

His mother and Madame Valmont accompanied him to a fine old chateau they possessed down in Touraine. They had some intention of getting M. St. George to bear them company; but though Alfred, morally convinced that he had written the anonymous letter, was grateful to him for having opened his eyes, still he felt his presence oppressively painful. Whatever recalled the perfidy of her he had loved excited in his mind the most uncontrollable emotions. He even cherished a hope that she would write to him and justify herself. But he never heard of her since the moment of their parting. Ashamed of his weakness, he never suffered himself to breathe her name, and those around him were of course silent on the subject. It was in this state he left town, concealing from all the passion which was preying on his peace—too deeply wronged to think of a reconciliation, and yet too loving to seek consolation by imparting the source of his distress.

But each hour that passes sheds a drop of balm on the most poignant of our griefs. Every new day extirpates one by one the thorns which have pierced the heart. It is true the first months of De Monville's sojourn in the country gave no visible sign of improvement in his health. In vain for him Nature spread forth her beauty and luxuriance; the sunny days, the balmy nights of summer equally weighed down his sinking frame. But by little and little the warmth of summer declines, autumn appears with her emerald shades and her urn of dew, and with its coming gloom the invalid felt his grief diminish and his health improve. The sadness of the season suited the melancholy tone of his mind, and he at length relieved his sufferings by imparting them.

He was now accompanied in his rambles by his mother and his cousin, and each day saw his intimacy with the latter increase. It was natural that she who had been the confidant of his hopes should be the first to console him. To her alone did he venture to speak of the lost Louisa. In their long walks, now become a daily custom, in the long evenings passed at the fireside, she listened to his wrongs, to his sufferings. She wept for the sorrows he had undergone, and he found his unhappy love half consoled by the tender sympathy of friendship.

She was at length induced to acquaint him with a secret which she had concealed, lest she might have increased his afflictions by her own. She had been unwilling to deprive him of a single consolation by letting him know that she herself was unhappy. Her husband, M. Valmont, was dead. This sad news had reached her but a short time before Alfred had found himself so cruelly betrayed.

De Monville was struck with admiration at the inexhaustible fund of kindness which made his cousin ever ready to sacrifice herself for others. This treasure of a heart was now at liberty. Their conversation henceforth gradually became longer and more frequent, and although they lost nothing of their charming familiarity, they often became timid and embarrassed on both sides. The name of Louisa was less frequently pronounced, and one evening Alfred holding Madame Valmont's hands in his, and fixing on her a tender inquiring glance, asked her if she would complete her work and reconcile him entirely to existence.

"We have both suffered," said he. "You, united to a man who could not appreciate your worth, I from a fatal, misplaced passion. We are now both free;

you from a chain which was forced upon you, I from a delirium—a dream! We both require the repose of a sincere, tranquil affection. Will you be mine?"

She did not then reply; but two months afterwards their marriage was celebrated at the chateau. The year following their union was passed in the country. The death of the mother of Alfred, which took place during that period, seemed to increase their affection for each other.

They returned to town about the beginning of winter. De Monville resumed his avocations, but sought in study, rather than in the enjoyments of wealth and luxury, a diversion to the melancholy which still hung over him, and which now seemed to have become a part of his character. During their long absence, his friend Mr. St. George had contracted other intimacies and visited him but seldom, and when he did, carefully abstained, by the advice of Madame de Monville, from all allusion to the past.

In addition to his usual occupations, Alfred had his family papers to regulate, to examine title-deeds, and copy a number of letters and other papers. He had requested a friend to recommend him a person to whom he could intrust this copying, and this brings us to the point of time described at the opening of the present chapter.

Alfred, as we have said was seated in his study. Madame de Monville opened the door and told him the person recommended as a copyist was come.

"Will you see him now," said she, "or shall I desire him to wait?"

De Monville wished him to be shewn immediately.

"Will you allow me, my dear," said his wife, "to remain in the room?"

"Certainly, if you desire it. But as we have to speak of papers, business, ciphers, our conversation will be the reverse of amusing. Why do you wish to stay?"

"I have but spoken a few words to your copyist, and, if I do not greatly mistake the person, he is a most diverting original."

"Oh, remain, then, by all means!"

He ordered him to be shewn in.

An old grey-headed man presented himself on the door being opened, and his *debut* seemed fully to justify the lady's anticipations. He was attired in a very old surtout, which, perhaps, had originally been black, but, from exposure to wind and weather, had become a kind of ambiguous brown. It was buttoned to the topmost button, as if to disguise the absence of a waistcoat; his trousers, of the coarsest material, were so short, as to leave a considerable distance between their nether extremities and his shoes, or rather *sabots*, for this part of his costume was made not of leather but of wood, such as are worn by the French peasantry and individuals of the very poorest class in Paris. With all these indubitable marks of extreme poverty, there was a something in his aspect which created a liking, and even commanded respect. Though somewhat bent by age, he was tall and uncouthly massive of frame, and the broad German cast of his plain features bore an impress of extreme simplicity and a kindness of heart which not all the marks of pinching want and privation, too visible in every lineament, could change or conceal.

As the door was opened, this strange-looking figure stopped at the threshold to make an awkward, over-polite bow; a manifestation of respect which he thrice repeated, advancing a step at each salutation, with a solemnity so ludicrous that Monsieur and Madame de Monville had considerable difficulty in restraining a burst of laughter. When the poor man concluded this ceremony, he raised his eyes and cast a bashful, humble look around the room. Suddenly his features assumed an expression of extreme surprise, and he remained with his mouth open, gazing bewilderedly upon De Monville, who, to the great astonishment of his wife, exclaimed, in a tone of animation unusual with him,—

"What! my old friend, Reinsberg!"

M. de Monville, said the old man, "how kind of you to remember me! not to forget the professor who taught you the rudiments of an art now despised, and of which I am, I fear, the last representative!"

De Monville here introduced the old man in form to his wife, as having been professor of writing at the College Charlemagne when he was a pupil. The cordiality of his reception put the old man quite at his ease.

"It was very different," said he, "at the time I gave you your lessons, now more than eighteen years ago. I beg pardon, madam, if I speak so freely before you, but I grow young when I think of bygone times. Do not, I entreat, pay attention to my wardrobe. I have brushed and cleaned these poor habiliments as well as possible; but they are very, very old, and miserable. I was ashamed to knock when I saw this rich hotel; and probably if you had not accidentally been here, your servants would not have admitted me, but turned me from the door for a beggar. This thought made me timid, and I fear you must have thought me very ridiculous in presenting myself as I did. Such, madam, is poverty, humiliating both to mind and body; for I once knew how to enter a room in a proper manner, and have often scolded and punished young ladies as rich and as charming as yourself."

Madame de Monville smiled with such kind affability, that the poor professor felt quite at home.

"Indeed," said he to De Monville, "I am delighted to see you!"

"And I also," said De Monville, shaking the old man kindly by the hand.

"Come you are still the same,—kind, and without pride; you set me so much at ease that I will ask permission to sit down at the fire while you explain what I can do to be useful to you. It is long since I saw any fire in my own room, save that of a candle, and I go to bed often with the sun."

He drew an arm-chair towards the chimney, sat down, stretched out his legs, placed his elbows upon his knees, and held his wrinkled hands to the fire.

De Monville, who found his old professor as simple and good-natured as formerly, looked at him with complacency.

"I see, my poor old friend," said he, "Fortune has not been kind to you; but since you sometimes thought of me, why did you not come to see me? You would have been always welcome."

"I was, perhaps, wrong; but you who have been always rich know but one side of charity. It is easy to give, but it is difficult to beg."

"Well, at all events, I thank the chance that has brought us together. There is something here to employ you for a few weeks, and you must allow me to set my own price upon your work."

"We must fix a fair price, sir, and the little talent I have remaining is at your service."

"You live in our neighbourhood?"

"I occupy a small room in the Rue St. Romain, No. 4."

Reinsberg did not perceive that his answer startled both De Monville and his wife. A short silence ensued, during which they looked at each other with an air of constraint.

"Come, sir," said the old man, "what am I to do for you?"

De Monville placed before him the packet of papers he wished him to copy; and the old man was about to depart, but Alfred detained him. Afraid to inter-

rogate him openly, the words, "Rue St. Romain, No. 4," rang in his ears. If his wife had not been present, he would have questioned him at once on the subject nearest to his heart.

"And what have you been doing these many years?" inquired De Monville.

"Something that ill-suited me. I lost my situation as a writing master in a school, and my pupils fell off, not because I was unable to teach, but because a new style of tuition had come into fashion, by which the entire art of calligraphy was taught in a dozen lessons. What could I do? I was forced to take a little shop, or more truly, a stall, and became a public letter-writer. The trade was, perhaps, more profitable than that I had lost; but it made me a kind of accomplice in so many intrigues and so much wickedness that I became disgusted with it. More than once I thought of giving it up; and a circumstance which, in spite of me, troubled my conscience,—a letter that I was weak enough to copy for a miserable reward, made me at length abandon it."

"A letter?" said De Monville, with seeming indifference.

"Yes, an anonymous letter, which contained a most serious accusation. I must tell you, I always held in contempt accusations that the authors were ashamed to sign. My opinion through life has been, that truth can shew itself barefaced any where. Don't you think so, sir?"

"I do," said De Monville, so much taken up by the old man's discourse that he did not look at his wife, who had become of a deathlike paleness. "But how could this letter affect you so much as to induce you to give up your business?"

"Because it might have injured, or, indeed, have been the death of, an innocent person; it might also have enlightened another and unmasked the blackest perfidy."

"And why," observed Madame de Monville, in a calm voice, but not free from a certain tremulousness,— "why, for your own tranquillity, not believe the second supposition as probable as the first?"

The poor professor lifted his eyes to heaven and sighed.

"Once I could have done so, madam, but now —"

"Now?" repeated De Monville.

"Now I cannot," said Reinsberg, sadly. "It was a presentiment, too soon, too fatally realised!"

"Of whom did the letter speak?" asked De Monville.

"Of a young woman."

"And to whom was it directed?"

"That I never knew. It was a boy who brought it me to be copied, and he had orders to have the direction written by another person; nor would he inform me whether he had received his directions from a man or a woman. Such mystery made me uneasy; the singular precautions taken appeared to me so strange and sinister that I had a superstitious foreboding of evil to spring from it. It was not the first time I had felt my apprehensions excited by such letters, but never to such an extent. The more I reflected the more convinced I became that I had made myself an instrument of evil to the innocent by this deed. So I closed my shop and took up my residence in Rue St. Romain. The first two nights I passed in my new habitation were calm and silent; but, about the middle of the third, I heard stifled moans as of a person in extreme suffering. The next day I was informed that the apartment opposite mine was occupied by a young woman, whose life was despaired of."

"A few days had elapsed, when one afternoon, as I returned home, I was surprised to see her door standing wide open. I looked in—no one in the first room; I called—no answer; the silence was alarming. I entered the inner room, and there I saw, stretched on a bed, the pallid, inanimate form of a once beautiful young woman. I replaced her poor head, which had fallen off the bed, upon her pillow; and, by the aid of a bottle of salts, which stood on the chimney, after some time restored her to consciousness. I found, on inquiry that her servant had left her that very day. Without inquiring into her pecuniary resources, I hired a nurse. She had fortunately, a few pieces of gold, and the unfortunate Mademoiselle Chateaufort, for I forgot to tell you her name —"

De Monville rose with a convulsive start, and Reinsberg, interrupting himself, saw him pale as ashes, his face bathed in tears; he looked at Madame de Monville, despair seemed written upon every feature. Her husband approached her; he took her hand and said,—

"Matilda, these tears, which flow in spite of myself, are an offence to your love. I feel it; pray leave the room, and forgive me!"

She looked down, and replied in a low voice, but in a tone of indescribable anguish, as she withdrew,—

"I knew you still loved her!"

Reinsberg had risen also, he was confounded, and when he saw himself alone with De Monville, he scarcely knew whether he ought to go on or not; but Alfred, delivered from the restraint he had until then imposed on himself, seized his arm with frantic eagerness, and exclaimed,—

"Is she dead?"

"Yes."

De Monville sank on a chair, and covered his face with his hands. For a few moments he successfully endeavoured to suppress his feelings, but the effort was beyond his strength; and his whole frame became shaken by an agony of grief. After a few moments he arose, and, pressing the hand of Reinsberg—

"Excuse this weakness, my old friend," said he.

The old professor wiped his eyes, but he spoke not.

"And she was calumniated?" said Alfred.

"She was."

"Who told you so?"

"Herself. The proofs of her innocence are undeniable."

"What proofs? Explain—tell me all you know!"

"Her sufferings were long protracted," said the old man, "and I passed whole days and nights at her bedside. I tended her as a father, and gained her entire confidence; she told me her miserable story; that the day before that fixed for her marriage, her lover came to her residence excited to madness by an anonymous letter, in which she was accused of infidelity to him. She shewed it to me. Judge of my astonishment when I recognised my own writing! It was the letter about which I had felt such an ominous presentiment. I brought her—for, as I had involuntarily injured her, I wished to repair the wrong I had done her—to tell me the name of the person to whom the infamous calumny had been written, that I might acquaint him with his error. She was inflexible. 'It is too late now,' said she, laying her white thin hand upon her bosom, 'death is already here. Why importune him! Let him forget me, though it is cruel to be thus forgotten. I still love him so tenderly, that it would be yet more cruel for me to know I had afflicted him with unavailing regrets.' Her dying agony was long, and she bore her sufferings with a resignation more like that of a heavenly spirit than a poor being of human clay. One evening the nurse and I were seated near her. She saw my tears, for I had begun to love her as my own child, and the hour of separation was visibly at hand. 'Nay,' said she,

in her low, angelic voice, 'do not weep, my last, my only friend, but rejoice, for your poor Louisa's sufferings and sorrows are at an end.' My hand was in hers, I felt a faint pressure, and all was over."

No words can do justice to the feelings with which De Monville listened to the words of the old man's tale. For some time after he had closed his mournful narrative, he remained gazing silently on the ground. At length, suddenly starting to his feet, as if his last refuge lay in doubt, he approached Reinsberg.

"You say she was calumniated, but the proof—Where is the proof?"

"Listen," said the old professor. "It appears that she had satisfactorily explained the visit of a person mentioned in the anonymous letter. The circumstance which occasioned the rupture was the abstraction of a ring. This ring she was accused of having given to her pretended lover, and she was unable to account for its loss. Now this ring had been stolen by her old servant, a woman named Marian, who had been bribed to purloin it from her desk. The day I first saw poor Louisa, this wretched woman, stung by remorse had suddenly left her, but had left behind her a written account of her crime, without, however, naming the person who had bribed her. She had laid this letter on the bed of her dying mistress during her sleep, not daring to confess it herself, and supplicated her pardon. Louisa fainted on reading the letter, and then it was I first entered the room as I have told you."

"Enough, enough!" said De Monville. "It was I who received that anonymous letter, I who murdered the unfortunate Louisa! But who can have formed such an infernal plot? Had my poor lost angel no suspicion?"

"She mentioned no one, but she spoke to me sometimes of a friend of her intended husband's family."

"Mr. St. George! Ah! he it was, without a doubt! my mother's confidant. Could they have plotted together? Oh, no, no! my mother could not, would not! No, he acted alone. I remember his opinions on the subject."

"If you were more calm," said Reinsberg, "I would give you the proof you require—the original of the letter."

"Have you got it still?"

"Yes, I keep it: I have it at home."

"Bring it me to-morrow—nay, this evening—this very moment—I must have it. Let us go for it at once!"

When the old professor saw the eagerness and the sinister expression of satisfaction which lighted up the features of De Monville, he repented having owned that he had the letter still in his possession.

"We could not find it now. I must search for it," said he. "Perhaps I have mislaid it. Besides, I will not give it you till I know what you intend to do with it."

"I want a proof, that's all," replied De Monville, with apparent calmness.

"Very well, I now take my leave, and will bring it you to-morrow, if I find it, as I trust I shall."

It was dark. Reinsberg took leave of his friend, and returned to his humble home. He was nowise embarrassed at giving him the letter he desired. He had merely thought it prudent to take some precautions respecting the use he intended to make of it, and the assumed calmness of Alfred had completely satisfied his more than pacific nature.

De Monville did not think his friend quite so simple minded as he really was; for as soon as he was alone, he said to himself, "He will not bring it to me; but I do not want it."

An hour afterwards a servant was despatched to carry three letters; two were directed to a couple of De Monville's friends, the third was to M. St. George.

CHAPTER V.—THE UNEXPECTED VISIT.

Scarcely had ten minutes elapsed after Reinsberg's return home when he was disturbed by a low tap at his door. As he was busily occupied in looking over his old papers to find the manuscript he had promised Alfred for the next morning, he did not answer the summons. Indeed, as he expected no visit and had heard no one ascend the narrow staircase, he concluded the noise must have been occasioned by some window left open, and agitated by the wind. He, therefore, quietly continued his search. In a few seconds his attention was again drawn to the sound of somebody groping at his door, evidently feeling for a bell-rope. Alas! a bell was an article of household luxury long unknown among Reinsberg's domestic chattels. Soon after the visitor gave an audible knock.

"Who's there? What do you want?" said the professor.

The stranger returned no answer, but knocked again.

"Come to-morrow," said the old man. "Come back to-morrow; I am in bed, and have no light."

Unfortunately, the light was seen through the chinks of the door, and contradicted his assertion.

"Open! pray open!" said a gentle, timid voice. "You have nothing to fear. Do you not recognise me?"

Reinsberg opened the door. A female covered with a veil entered with precipitation. She appeared a prey to the most violent agitation. She removed her veil to breathe more freely, and the old professor uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing the alteration a few hours had wrought in the features of Madame de Monville.

"Shut the door," said she.

Before he did so, Reinsberg looked down the staircase.

"You are alone, ma'am!"

"Noby knows, or is to know, I am here. If ever you should be interrogated on the subject, swear you will not betray me."

"Madam," replied the professor, whose surprise was increased by the excited manner of his visitor, "I do not like to bind myself by an oath, which it is sometimes both difficult and painful to keep. Be kind enough to let me know the motive of your visit."

"I conceive your prudence, but fear nothing. The discretion I require is far more necessary for me than for you."

She looked around the room, and, after a pause of a few seconds, added, "We must speak low, must we not? Our conversation can be heard in the next room?"

"Yes, madam, it was in this room I overheard, without listening, the moanings of the unfortunate Louisa. You had left the room, madam, when I terminated the sad recital."

"Yes, yes," interrupted she, in a brief, agitated voice, "this Louisa is dead: I know that."

"Ah, your husband has had time to relate it you since I left!"

"I have not seen him."

"Is he aware of your being here?"

"No."

"But, madam, should he remark your absence this evening?"

"This evening! oh, he'll not think of inquiring about me this evening! I am far enough from his thoughts."

Notwithstanding his want of penetration and his complete ignorance of the passions, Reinsberg began to guess the secret pain which had so altered the charming features of his visitor, and given them such an air of wildness. He remembered the tears De Monville had striven in vain to conceal from her, the words he used when he prayed her to withdraw. He saw that jealousy had stung her to the heart. Still he could not discover the motive of her visit to him. She motioned him to take a seat at her side.

"You have kept the copy of the anonymous letter?"

Reinsberg looked at her with surprise, not clearly understanding whether she interrogated or affirmed a fact she was certain of.

"You have kept it. You are to give it to-morrow to my husband. Do not endeavour to deny it. I was in the next room, and overheard all you said. You must give me the copy of that letter."

"I have promised it, madam, to your husband."

"To him or to me, what does it signify?"

"If you were here with his consent."

"You will tell him you have mislaid it, and he will believe you without hesitation. You told him you were not quite certain of finding it."

"I greatly fear I spoke the truth."

"No; you first declared you had it in your possession, and I see you have already begun to look for it. I must have the copy of this letter!" said she, with energy, increasing to wildness. "Give it me—sell it me! Set on it what price you will. I must have it. You are poor, and I can make you rich!"

Though she spoke with such rapidity that Reinsberg could not interrupt her, she had opened her reticule.

"Take this," continued she; "here are four bank-notes of 1000 francs each!" Seeing the poor professor's look of bewildered astonishment, she took it for sor-did hesitation. "It is not enough, I know it is not. I had no more in my desk. But you shall have whatever you desire; triple this sum, 20,000 francs, if you demand it—my whole fortune. Besides, here are my jewels. Look, take them!"

Her features, lately so pale, were now flushed and animated, her eyes shone with unnatural lustre, her hands, with a motion so rapid as to be almost imperceptible, emptied her reticule. A necklace of the finest pearls, rich jewellery, diamonds, rings, fell in a shower upon the table.

The poor man looked at her in utter bewilderment. There lay before him more money than he had seen throughout his whole life. And this unhop-ed-for fortune was thrown at his feet—all his own; he had but to extend his hand, and it was his. But these were not the thoughts which dwelt upon his honest mind. Between the wealth he had never known, and the destitution which was abridging his old age, no idea of speculation rose even for an instant; and it was with tears in his eyes, and in a voice tremulous with pity, that he said,—

"How unhappy you must be, madam!"

"Yes, I am unhappy; but it depends on you that I cease to be so. You can restore me to repose, to happiness! Will you accept my offer?"

"The recital of this melancholy event has revived the remembrance of past afflictions. I ought to have perceived it and interrupted my story when he requested you to withdraw. I should not have re-opened an ill-closed wound. You must pardon me, madam, for the ill I have involuntarily caused. I had still present to my memory the death of this poor girl, so infamously calumniated. Had you known her as I did, madam, had you heard her protest her innocence, you would not now require this undeniable proof to be convinced of it. But pardon, madam, I am again afflicting you, and forget what I did not know till now, that love is jealous even of the grave. You tremble lest the memory of one he formerly loved should rob you of a part of his tenderness. I shall ever, madam, reproach myself with having occasioned you this distress. But how can the possession of this letter restore you to happiness! What can make you desire it so ardently as to be ready to purchase it at the price of your whole fortune?"

Whether Matilda had no satisfactory answer to give to this question, or was too much agitated to reply, we cannot tell, but she remained silent.

Reinsberg continued,—

"When I found M. de Monville so determined on having this letter, I was afraid he might know the writing, and that it might lead to a duel with the author of it. He convinced me these apprehensions were groundless. But what must I think now?"

"Yes," exclaimed Matilda, seizing the idea thrown out by the old professor, "your friendship for him anticipated the danger my love would prevent. I fear for his life. You now understand why I came here at this hour of the night—why my coming must remain a secret. I know—no matter how—I know who wrote this letter; my husband will recognise the hand, he will challenge the writer, and I shall lose him a second time through this wretched girl. Give me, then, the letter,—let me annihilate this proof; and when the fact is reduced to a mere suspicion, when the writer can deny it with security, I shall be happy,—at least, delivered from all fears for my husband's life. The letter—the letter! On my knees I entreat you to give it me!"

"Rise, madam," said Reinsberg, "I regret too deeply what has taken place not to restore you to peace if it be in my power. But take back your money and your jewels. I shall accept of nothing; it is a reparation that I owe you, not a proof that I sell."

And so saying, the noble-minded old man returned Madame de Monville her money and jewels. He then rose and went to his desk, and having looked over the papers for a short time, returned towards her. On beholding the sheet of yellow paper he held in his hand, she sprang forward and seized it with a convulsive grasp. As she perused it, the extraordinary change of expression her countenance exhibited would have been ill explained to a more penetrating eye than that of Reinsberg by the pleasure of preventing a duel: her joy was a species of delirium. It seemed as if the stronger of the opposite dispositions combined in her character—a contrast we have already remarked—had broken loose, and, disdaining all control, all dissimulation, burst through the wall of iron which had so long compressed it. Her features seemed to have taken another character. She was no longer a gentle, timid, supplicating woman, but a lioness. And as if her hands were not sufficient, she tore the letter with her teeth, collected every particle of it, and burnt it piece by piece at the candle. As it consumed, her brilliant eye followed the progress of the flame, as if it had been the suffering of an expiring victim. When all was destroyed, she blew upon the black ashes, and dispersed them with a breath.

"Nothing more—nothing more—not a trace—the letter never existed! Saved, saved!" exclaimed she; "I am saved!" And she laughed, she wept, in a breath. She clasped the old man round his neck before he had time to express his surprise at her frantic joy.

"It is to you I am indebted for my happiness," said she. "Never, never

shall I forget it! You have refused my gifts, but come and see me; my fortune is yours, as I have already told you. Farewell!—it is late. I have your word. You will be discreet, will you not? Farewell—farewell! Do not come out, I need no protector. My only danger is past."

She opened the door, sprang to the staircase, and, despite the darkness of the place, such was the lightness of her tread, that Reinsberg could scarcely hear her step. The street-door closed, he turned to the window, and through the glass, dimmed by frost and snow, he perceived, by the faint light of the lamps, a slight female figure turning the street-corner.

The old professor was some minutes before he recovered himself, and then a thousand different ideas crowded themselves into his poor brain. An evil thought was the last he could conceive; and if the thoughts of his hopeless penury for a moment intruded, it seemed as if the gifts he had refused would have laid heavy on his conscience had he accepted them.

He wrote to De Monville, and told him that he had searched in vain for the letter; that he had kept it a long time, but that it was no longer in existence. He went to bed, but he could not drive away the vague forebodings of evil which haunted his mind.

CHAPTER VI.—EXPIATION.

Matilda returned home; her husband had not inquired for her. The next morning at day-break, De Monville rose from the secretary at which he had been writing since the preceding evening, after having received answers to the three letters which he had despatched. He read over some letters and sealed them. One, a very long one, and bathed with his tears, was directed to his wife. Another, which covered several sheets of paper, was to be delivered to his notary, to whom he had intrusted his title-deeds: it contained his will. He placed them both in his pocket-book, and left the others on the mantelpiece. His wife's apartment was separated from his by a small room, the door of which opened into his library. He laid his hand on the lock, and paused to listen: all was calm.

"She is asleep," said he; "I can go out, and, if Heaven be just, return without having disturbed her rest. In two hours it will be all over; he or I—I must go!"

He muffled himself up in his cloak, took a case of pistols from the table, and turned the key gently in its lock. At the same instant the door opened on the other side, and he found himself in the presence of his wife, pale, haggard, and in a dress which attested that she had been up all night.

De Monville drew back some steps. Matilda entered the study, pushed the door to with violence, and without a word, without asking or giving an explanation, with a rapid and imperious gesture, she opened his mantle, and snatched the case of pistols from her husband's hands.

"You are going to fight a duel?" said she.

De Monville, who had scarcely recovered from his surprise,—replied,—

"I am this morning to act as a second to one of my friends. Do not be uneasy, my love, and let me go."

"You cannot deceive me; you are going to fight a duel!"

"My dear—"

"No useless words, no false oaths! You are going to fight; no one has told me so, but I know it."

"Fight!—For what!—With whom?"

"With whom?—with the man whom you suppose wrote the anonymous letter, and whom you think you know. Why!—to revenge the death of a woman you have always loved, always regretted. I know it to be so. Does not the heart feel its abandonment! Does jealousy require to be warned! Does it want eyes! Did I not see you yesterday, while the old man was speaking to you, entirely absorbed by the remembrance of your mistress! You thought, indeed, of me—poor, abandoned creature!—but only to tell me to withdraw, and not to disturb your affliction by my presence. And do you think that because I retired I neither saw your ears nor heard the resolution you took? Now tell me again you are not going to fight a duel!"

"Matilda," replied he, in a low, solemn voice, "it has always been my fate to test too severely the inexhaustible goodness that makes you an angel. You alone were just towards her whom your title of wife to-day makes you detest. When I was sinking under my grief for her loss, you alone consoled me. For two years past, every day has witnessed fresh proofs of your devoted love; and, believe me, without the unforeseen revelation of yesterday, which has cast me so violently back upon the past, no complaint, no regret, no sign of remembrance, should ever have escaped my heart. Seek, then, my Matilda, in that virtue no woman but yourself possesses, fortitude equal to the trial of to-day! Yes, I am going to meet an antagonist. I no longer endeavour to deceive you. You have nothing to fear from love, for it is not in the power of revenge to bring back to life the being I have adored; but the wretch by whose slander she perished, must receive the just reward of his infamy. To-day, to-morrow, twenty years hence, as long as my arm can wield a sword, or aim a pistol at his heart, I shall seek satisfaction and revenge for the death of poor Louisa. I wished to avoid you; I dreaded your tears, your reproaches, your despair! But my last thoughts were for you. Here is the letter I wrote to you, in which I bade you farewell. Receive it now, since a fatal chance has placed you on my road. Do not endeavour to detain me. It is a reparation I owe, and in risking my life I expiate in some sort my wretched credulity, and the error I should have been the first to disbelieve."

Matilda stood before him dumb, motionless, her hands joined; but when she saw him preparing to depart, she seized him violently by the arm.

"What!" cried she, with an accent of concentrated rage, "I must be again resigned! patience, for ever patience! Another can know the passion, feel and awaken a heart to love; but my lot is ever the coolness and the insensibility of the marble! No, no; it shall not be thus. You ask too much; you ask for one act of virtue more. I ask of Heaven but to preserve my reason, which I feel ready to abandon me, to prevent the fatal secret of my heart ascending to my lips; that my voice may expire before, in my madness, I reveal the terrible truth!"

"What do you mean?" demanded De Monville, alarmed, and, in spite of himself, impressed with a vague foreboding of something horrible, "What does this folly imply?"

"Must I again explain why I suffer! Can you deceive me! Was this woman, then, so very beautiful! She must have been so, since even the recollection of her is stronger than my love! Tell me how could she have loved you with a passion deeper than mine!" Here Matilda threw herself madly upon her knees before him. "Promise me," said she, "that you will not go—that you will forget this woman—for my sake—for me, a bewildered, wretched suppliant at your feet!"

De Monville was moved, but not shaken. He felt the distress of his wife, and knew how violent must be her grief to dictate such passionate and incohe-

rent language. But her words fell upon his ear more than upon his heart. Since the eve, his whole thoughts, his whole soul, were devoted to the memory of Louisa. He disengaged himself, and advanced towards the door.

Matilda rose precipitately, and gazed on him for a few seconds, as if to be certain he was going to quit her.

"And so," said she, "you leave me! All I have said to detain you is vain. You mean to go?"

"I must."

"And return here avenged or dead?"

"Yes."

"And you leave me during your absence to my solitude and despair! In the presence of your adversary no thought of me will make your heart beat quicker or your hand less steady. And what awaits me! You will return to deplore her loss, or be brought back a corpse—perhaps, a dying man, whose last accents I shall hear repeating the name of Louisa. Oh, on such terms I would rather a thousand times rather, see you dead at my feet! Alfred, Alfred, you cannot know that you are driving me to madness! But," she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence, and placing herself before the door, "you shall not go—you shall not fight! Who is your antagonist? St. George, is it not?"

"Who else can it be?"

"And if he refuse?"

"He will not refuse. I have received his answer."

"But if he deny having written the letter, what will you then do?"

"I will brand him as a coward. I will collar him with one hand, and strike him to the earth with the other."

"And then he will fight, and you will perish! Hear me!" said she, approaching him, and speaking in a hoarse, unnatural whisper, "it was not he who wrote the letter."

"Who then?" asked De Monville, with a fearful apprehension of the truth.

"One whom you cannot strike. One who cannot, will not let you expose your life. One who, on her knees, again beseeches you to remain; whom her love for you alone has rendered criminal; whose love for you now betrays her. It was I!"

At this frightful revelation, the features of De Monville assumed a ghastly hue; he laid his hand on the chimney to support himself, but speedily recovered.

"You!—you!" repeated he, after an interval of terrible silence.

"Yes, I!" said she, endeavouring to take his hands; but he shuddered at her touch, and cast her violently from him.

He looked earnestly upon her and in an instant, as it were, all was explained; his mind fathomed the depths of that profound dissimulation, the abyss of that heart, a volcano burning beneath its snows. At length, he cried,—

"What had she done to you, madame!"

Matilda advanced towards him.

"You ask me what she had done. She loved you!—that was her crime. Do not ask how I was informed of the visits of M. Preville. I was jealous. With gold I bought all the secrets I wanted to know. I it was who wrote the letter, and took every precaution related by the old professor. Yesterday evening I went to his lodging, obtained the paper written in my own hand, and destroyed it. I bribed Marian, and she stole the ring which was to serve as a proof against her mistress. I did all this, and it seems to me a dream; I can scarcely believe it myself. I cannot even think I have revealed my dreadful secret to you. Alas! my reason wanders. But why have I spoken? Because your life was in danger—because I desired to save you!"

"It was, then, to you her servant delivered the ring!" said De Monville, with a look of indescribable fury. "Give it me!"

"It is no longer in my possession—I have not got it. Your looks terrify me—your voice makes me tremble! Have you no pity for me!"

"Had you any for her!"

"Her, always her!"

"Do you forget she is dead—that you are her assassin! Pity for you!" said he, with a frightful laugh; "pity!—never, never!"

"And have I not suffered! Have I not been jealous! Am I not still so? Did I not suffer when, victim to a passion which has made me the wretch I am I saw you day after day leave the house to visit her! Did I not devour my tears in silence! Calm and insensible to all appearance, did not my heart beat with joy even at the sound of your footsteps! Did I not tremble with rapture at the tone of your voice, or when your hand touched mine! And what has been my lot for the last two years! During the day, she, she alone occupied your thoughts. At night, in your dreams, her name alone was on your lips. Did I ever complain! And to-day, when the fear of losing you has driven me to madness, and forced me to speak, you cast me from you without pity! Your eyes have not a tear for my agonies, your heart not an excuse for my guilt—guilt occasioned by excess of love! She could die, for you loved her. But what will be my fate, to live, if you love me no longer! Oh, pity me, Alfred,—pity me, pity me! Let fall on me but one look of former times—of yesterday, and I will leave you! You will deplore her loss; and when the bitterness of grief is past, I will kneel to you, and crave forgiveness!"

She had crept close to him; he thrust her back again.

"Infamous woman!" exclaimed he. "Give me the ring, if you still possess it!"

"What will you do with it?"

"Cover it with kisses before your eyes, that you may witness, before our eternal separation, how fondly I loved her to whom it belonged!"

"Separation!" exclaimed Matilda, rising with the energy of despair,—"separation! Ah, this is too much! You think me weak and trodden down to earth! Separation! Am I not your wife! How will you obtain it! Will you say I killed your mistress through jealousy! Where is the proof!—The letter! I have destroyed it! Never will I quit you with life!"

"Madam, after this hour, we shall never more see each other on earth."

"Every day—I will daily importune you with my love, my complaints, my jealousy!"

"Silence, madam, silence!"

"Ah! you think you have suffered because you have lost a mistress; and another woman, whose mind you have distracted, obtains from you, as the price of her love, but threats of a separation. No, no; we are bound, indissolubly bound to each other; no power on earth shall separate us. Our life may be a hell, but, accustomed to suffer, I accept my lot."

Wild and distracted, she had seized her husband's arms, who vainly endeavoured to free himself, and who felt himself provoked beyond endurance. At this moment the study door was suddenly thrown open, and three men entered. De Monville, making a last effort to disengage himself, pushed his wife rudely from him. She staggered and fell to the ground.

Alfred turned to the intruders.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the hour fixed for the duel is past; without doubt, M. St. George, this is the object of your visit. An instant later and I should have been on my way to apologise for the letter I wrote you yesterday. Pray accept my apologies! You see the cause of my delay—a domestic quarrel, which I cannot hide as I have done the preceding ones. My wife desires a separation, which I would not consent to. But I no longer object to it. Your testimony as to what has just taken place shall be my punishment for an act of brutality I blush for too late."

It may be necessary to explain to the English reader, that in France it is necessary to prove an act of violence on the part of the husband to afford grounds for a claim of separation made by the wife.

He drew near his wife, and said, in a low voice,—

"Madam, if you refuse to agree to a separation, I will dishonour you in the eyes of these gentlemen by acquainting them with your crime."

A month afterwards the separation was legally pronounced. Two months had scarcely elapsed, when De Monville appeared in mourning for the death of his wife; and before the year was over, Reinsberg followed a rich funeral, which came out of an hotel in the Rue de Grenelle.

The old professor was handsomely provided for by his friend, but he never quitted his humble garret in the Rue St. Romain.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

St. Petersburg and Moscow: a Visit to the Court of the Czar. By R. Southwell Bourke, Esq. 2 vols. Colburn.

What a delight it would be to us if all bad and indifferent books were printed in the same manner: how light our task with the heavy, how easy our duty with the addle-headed and perplexed! But we do not mean to say that, belonging as we believe to the now declared "most distressed county in Ireland" (Mayo), the author has distressed us in neither of these ways. On the contrary, he has not failed, like the potato crops, but flourished in high feather and fashionable luxuriance. He has enjoyed Russia: he has been fascinated by its emperor, he has been delighted with its court, he has been charmed by its society. From the Poles he is as wide as the poles asunder. He does not seem to fancy that Nicholas is such a monster as to be amused by torturing people and cutting them in pieces by way of pastime; nor that Siberia is much more horrible than one of our own penal settlements. In short, to sum up his iniquities, he represents the Czar, though a despotic monarch, as a noble specimen of the genus *homo*: and an exile in Siberia a much happier lot than the same fate in Norfolk Island. May Heaven preserve the worst of our readers from either! But to our gay book; and away with reflections.

Mr. Bourke and his companion Mr. E——, well furnished with passports and letters of introduction, experienced none of the formidable custom-house vexations and extortions so generally complained of by less favoured and fortunate travellers. They were admitted on their tour of pleasure to the empire of the Black Eagle with as little or rather less trouble as if they had landed at Dover or Calais!

"When E——'s name was called, he marched into the cabin with the air of a martyr; but what was his surprise when, instead of inquisitive police-men and impertinent clerks, he found a civil and gentleman-like man, who merely asked him, whether he was travelling for pleasure. E—— replied, Yes. The officer then politely wished him a good morning and a pleasant tour! I was not asked a single question. Thus ended the trial, which some recent travellers have declared to be so offensive to the feelings of a free-born stranger, and so degrading to a child of liberty. I carefully watched the examination of some of our fellow passengers, and had not the satisfaction of confirming any of my former fears by hearing a question asked that could have offended the most sensitive republican. I have certainly heard, that more strictness is sometimes shewn, and a series of provoking interrogatories put, that might in some degree justify M. de Custine's account of his entrance into Russia. But I also heard of a young Frenchman, who, a few weeks before our arrival, thought the dignity of France outraged in his little person, and who absolutely refused to answer the simple question that was put to us! The consequence was, that the entire number of his fellow-passengers were detained for some hours, to their great inconvenience, until this spirited sprout of La Jeune France, consented to release them from the vessel by a sullen 'oui.'"

Into Petersburg they also entered under smiling auspices:

"We certainly (says the narrative) fully appreciated the value of good letters, in the kindness expressed, and hospitality afforded, by all whose acquaintance we were fortunate enough to make in St. Petersburg. The higher classes of the inhabitants desert the town in spring, as soon as the leaves appear on the trees, but they do not visit in summer their different estates, or distant castles, and what we should call a country life is totally unknown to most Russians of high rank. The islands of the Neva, covered with fir and birch trees, intersected with branches of the river and canals, and studded with pretty little wooden villas, form the scene of their *villeggiatura*. To these retreats the *beau monde* adjourn their dinners, balls, and receptions, and continue in their cottages of the islands very much the same routine of pleasure as in their palaces of St. Petersburg. When we first arrived at Mrs. Wilson's, we inquired where the different people lived to whom we had letters. We were told that they were in the country; these tidings disappointed us very much, as we knew of the great distances in Russia, and imagined that, perchance, one of our future friends might be ruralising in the neighbourhood of Odessa, another might have retired to the confines of Poland, and a third might be found in the vicinity of Archangel; we were, therefore, at first, rather disheartened, as we conceived our letters to be useless; but what was our surprise, when on inquiring at what distance from the town the residence of Prince D—— was, they told us about three versts, and that all the other people to whom our letters were addressed lived close by! We immediately got into our caleche, and a drive of two hours enabled us to leave our letters and to see the islands, which are almost pretty."

Here is a launch of a fashionable observer into the high tide of foreign fashion; and if from such we cannot look for much that relates to great questions of nationality, it is something to have a glimpse of the upper circles, since all classes in the social system bear, at least, some relation to each other. We shall therefore treat our readers to a brief round of that joyous Petersburgian and Island (we were going to write Icelandic, but feared it might be mistaken for Icelandic) life into which our countrymen were plunged to an extent altogether intoxicating. At nearly their first country party Mr. Bourke relates:

"I soon found myself in a very pretty room, full of people, who were dancing the same quadrilles and valse, with the same untiring determination, that I had left ten days before in London. I was of course presented to our hostess, who is very pretty, very graceful, and *spirituelle*, and who soon made me known to half the people in the room. Many of the ladies were exceedingly pretty, all

dressed in excellent taste, and very agreeable, but their names are the devil! In ten minutes I was fairly bewildered, and my tongue vainly endeavoured to repeat a fraction of awful words, of six or eight syllables, ending in *offski, ouski, itzki, inski*, and off. I never was so puzzled; as fast as a sound somewhat resembling a Russian surname trembled on my tongue, another totally unpronounceable one startled my frightened ear, and I soon found that time alone would make me familiar with such uncommonly hard words. For the first week I was in Russia, I never dared to call any of my new friends by their names, and used to describe them as tall or short, dark or fair, with any other particulars that presented themselves to my mind at the moment—a mode of conveying my ideas which sometimes got me into great scrapes, as the descriptions, I am ashamed to say, were not always quite correct, and a sister or cousin might not enjoy hearing her best friend alluded to, as short or fair, when she happened to be tall and dark. I am sure that if Juliet had paid a visit to Russia, she would have found out 'What's in a name,' for I found more in their names than was ever dreamt of in my philosophy; and no tongue, however nimble, could possibly pronounce or remember such a curious concatenation of vowels and consonants at the first attempt. However, notwithstanding, I passed a charming evening, and was greatly amused. Society of the higher class differs little in outward appearance in European countries, and it is not until the stranger begins to know well the individuals who compose it, that national differences and feelings are discovered; thus, at the ball to-night, we danced and talked in the same manner and on the same subjects (except that the everlasting polka was not so much in vogue) in Finland as in May Fair; all were graceful and good-natured in manner, and French flowed as softly from every one's lips as if we had been in a salon of the Faubourg St. Germain. This seems to be completely the adopted tongue of the educated Russians. They write, speak, and I am sure think in French: it is the language of their infancy, and I do not remember to have heard a lady converse in her own tongue during the whole time I was in Russia."

More generally, he remarks:

"The ladies in Russia understand perfectly the secrets of the *toilette*, and every Englishman must pay homage to their exquisite and unrivalled taste in dress. These summer fetes are excellent opportunities for exhibiting their knowledge of the mystic art; for they come in the morning or evening costume, a light bonnet, or wreath of flowers, as suits their fancy, or best adds to their beauty. I never saw them in what may be termed *grande tenue*; but a *toilette* suited to a party, partaking as much of the character of a formal *fete champetre* as of a regular ball, requires perhaps more study than the more magnificent, but more common *costume de bal*. A treble row of magnificent pearls frequently grace the necks of these northern beauties; but I never saw a woman at these small summer parties wear many jewels, and they never commit the solecism in dress, so common in England, of appearing at a country ball in a blaze of jewels. The continued confinement in hot rooms during the long winter, and exposure to the oppressive heat of the stoves, do not improve their complexions; nevertheless we saw many pretty faces at St. Petersburg, and their correct taste in costume adds much to their beauty. I met one or two Circassians, children of the sunny south, whose dark loveliness contrasted well with the fairer charms of the daughters of the Slavonian race. The large lustrous eye, beaming from a long eyelash, and the deep olive complexion, at once declare her oriental origin, while her raven tresses hung in heavy braids round her oval and classical features, and twined in graceful profusion over her well formed head. Beautiful hair has a most destructive effect on my peace of mind, and when added to other charms is perfectly irresistible."

Poor devoted soul! One cannot help pitying him, and rejoicing when he gets from among these dangerous syrens into the repulsive contrast of the lower orders; that is, on his trip to Moscow, whereof we read:

"The men have the advantage over the women in good looks; their features are for the most part finely proportioned and well chiselled; a good grey eye, small but well formed nose, short upper lip, and well proportioned chin, are the distinctive marks of the pure Slave, untainted by German or Kalmuck blood; this, added to light hair and a curly beard, makes a very handsome face, expressive of much determination and quickness. Among the poorer serfs, however, these beauties are hidden by dirt, and hair that looks as if it was never meant to be combed. I do not believe it ever is; and the accumulation of filth hoarded on the mugik's person and sheepskin is beyond all description. The finest old men I ever beheld we met wandering about the village on the road; their flowing white hair and beards in many cases, hung round their most Rembrandt-like faces; and as they leant on their staves, looking like ancient patriarchs, I think they might fully rival in appearance of health and strength the pictures of Old Parr lately immortalized on patent pill boxes. The male sex among the serfs, with the greatest want of gallantry, keep all the beauty to themselves; for positively nothing can be uglier than the Russian women: their faces are large, their noses flat, and their cheek bones high; and as to figures, by the bones of Venus! I never saw such a desecration of the human form divine. How they get themselves into so inhuman a form I cannot conceive; their waists seemed to me to be above their breast; where the rest of their body was, I cannot tell—for the gown hung perpendicularly from this unnatural part down to their heels; the fact is, I cannot describe their appearance, as never were daughters of Eve less favoured with beauty; and during the whole journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow and back I did not see one pretty girl."

Did he not wish himself back to the fair delicious creatures of St. Petersburg! to which and to its fetes let us revert.

"During the first week of our stay we were invited to assist at a manœuvre, held near the camp of Crasnoe Seloe, where we were promised the long wished for honor of being presented to the Emperor Nicholas. We set out on Thursday evening in a carriage with four horses abreast, and drove to the village, a distance of about twenty five miles. We found lodgings prepared for us in the house generally allotted to the *corps diplomatique*, where everything was provided that we could possibly require. The Swedish *charge d'affaires* Baron V. kindly took us under his care, and told us many things that were of great use to us. We rose at five in the morning, and our horror was inexpressible when the first object that greeted our opening eyes was a most determined pour down of rain, which seemed to have every intention of lasting all day, however, we got up and dressed ourselves; at half past six an aid de camp came, when we mounted with the greatest resignation the horses provided for us. I certainly thought that this was to be the last day of our uniforms, as the rain came down in torrents, and I had no cloak that would go over my epaulettes. After waiting some time in a small hospital at the camp, as the manœuvre was deferred in consequence of the wet, the emperor, who had spent the night in a little tent close by, came out and got on horseback. Every one immediately followed his example, and we were presented in a dirty lane, in the middle of the heaviest part of the day's rain. His majesty said a few kind words to us, and then rode on, fol-

lowed by his staff and the small regiment of 400 Circassians, in their picturesque dresses, and mounted on their shaggy little horses.

"These mountaineers are as wild in appearance and costume as the beasts they beset; and as the day was so wet they were enveloped in their large, hooded, *bournoise*-looking cloaks, under which they carried their bows, quivers, yataghans, and other arms. I did not see them perform any of their feats of horsemanship; but I heard that their peculiar exercise are not at all formidable in a military point of view, and partake very much of the nature of the 'Scenes in the Circle,' seen at Astley's or Franconi's. I was told that the greater number of those we saw on this day were people of considerable rank among their own tribes, and ought to be considered more as hostages than soldiers in the imperial army. They looked sorrowful but savage; and I fancied that as they sat on their horses beneath the pouring rain of that northern climate they appeared forlorn and desolate, thinking probably of their distant sunny valleys, and mountain homes, where the only right recognised was that enforced by their own strong arms,—rights that they have so long successfully defended, and for which at that moment their brethren of the Caucasus were gallantly fighting in desperate combat with the comrades of these fellow soldiers in the corps of the Imperial Guard. The emperor seemed to treat them with all honor, and two Circassian trumpeters were near him the whole day, and gave all the signals on their long semicircular horns.

"The war in the Caucasus is decidedly unpopular in Russia, both on account of the ill-success that has hitherto attended her success in that quarter, and the banishment that it entails on those who serve in the army. It is not considered an honor to be thus sent on active service; it is rather regarded in the light of a punishment, and is occasionally used by the government as such. From what I heard in St. Petersburg, I suspect that the hosts yearly employed in the Caucasus are not by any means composed of the flower of the Russian army; and I remarked that it was frequently said, that Prince such a one, or Count so and so, had been sent to fight to the south for some trifling *piccadillo*, or breach of imperial etiquette. It is not always, therefore, to an officer's praise that it is said, that he has been sent to the Caucasus; and if not looked upon as a stigma, it is decidedly considered a bore."

But now for the court:

"The imperial family of Russia are all excessively handsome; and I never have seen beauty more evenly distributed among the children of one house, in and rank of life. The Grand Duchess Olga, is the prettiest woman in Russia, and each of her brothers and sisters are gifted in the same manner. I had the honor of seeing them all, with the exception of the Grand Duke Constantine who was absent in the Mediterranean. But even among the youthful branches of a family so famous for its beauty, the Emperor shines preeminent, as well by the majesty of his deportment, as by the Jove-like beauty of his countenance. Towering over every one in the room, his well proportioned figure glided through the crowd; and the extraordinary grace of his manner is only equalled by the superiority of his manly form. A kind word, a cheerful remark, or a kind smile, greeted and delighted every person he addressed; while with rare talent he seemed to unite in one, the host, the master and the companion. Never in any rank of life have I seen a man so admirably fitted for the position in which he is placed; and when we consider what this position is—the absolute monarch, the wielder of the destinies of a seventeenth part of the habitable globe—we must think him great indeed on whom such a dignity can suitably rest. His eagle eye, on this night wandered over the room. He directed everything, even to the smallest minutiae; while never for a moment, could I detect a movement or a gesture unworthy the dignity of the emperor. Truly Nicholas is the first gentleman of the age."

What are the playthings of such first gentlemen of the age, including all the rulers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, (if not of America,) besides the usual exhibitions of their armies and other means of war to each other, when paying friendly visits, may be gathered from the following characteristic and entertaining sketch:

"Having been honoured with an invitation to assist at the inspection of the corps of cadets at St. Petersburg by the Grand Duke Michael, previous to their departure for Peterhof, we met on the Champ de Mars, in uniform, where we found the grand duke just entering the great place. Two thousand five hundred young soldiers composing the first and second corps of cadets, and the corps of pages, varying from the ages of ten to eighteen, were drawn up in a hollow square. They were first closely inspected by his imperial highness, and then went through a number of evolutions in excellent order, the grand duke giving the words of command himself. After having manoeuvred for two hours, they marched past in quick and slow time, and returned to their different academies. The size of some of these future officers amused me greatly. The grand duke kindly kept back four or five of the smallest, to shew us separately as curiosities. These little urchins were not more than three feet and a half high, mere infants; nevertheless, they went through the manual exercise as well as possible; and on being ordered to march, set off in every sense of the word like men, for each stride was the full regulation step. After the main body of the young gentlemen had finished their manoeuvres, eight guns, worked entirely by cadets were brought forward, and fired several dozen rounds while retreating and advancing, going through the entire exercise with great precision.

"The whole thing lasted about four hours, and was a very interesting and amusing ceremony, as these boys played at soldiers with perfect exactness, and must be in every way prepared for the duties of their profession by the time they enter the regular army. At Peterhof, where they went a few days after, they are encamped for some weeks in the neighbourhood of the palace, in order that their exercises may be conducted under the eye of the emperor, who takes a great interest and pride in these tiny regiments. They go through all the evolutions of a regular army, and partake of all the toils and hardships of imaginary war. They are wonderfully steady, and only one instance is known of these young gentlemen having failed in the performance of their duty. Some years ago, a body of the smallest among them were drawn up in a hollow square and charged by cavalry. They stood their ground very well for some time; but when the regiment of dragoons got quite close to them, their little hearts failed them, and they fairly took to their heels, scampering off in every direction. They were with difficulty brought back; some of the officers present made them a speech, telling them that such was not the conduct becoming the characters of the future officers of the imperial army, and begged of them not to run away again. They promised faithfully to stand for the future; and certainly no soldiers could have been steadier than were the entire body that we saw inspected on the Champ de Mars. The military educational establishments in Russia have been brought to a state of the highest perfection of late years, under the direction of the Grand Duke Michael. They are intended for the sons of nobles who purpose entering the army. They are taught gratuitously all things that are required to make them good officers and useful subjects. The cadets of the school of St. Petersburg are principally, though not all, intended for the corps

of the guard; and those of the establishments in the provinces for the regiments of the line. There are twenty-six academies for the purpose of military education in the empire, containing altogether between nine and ten thousand pupils, who are sustained at a yearly expense exceeding seven million rubles."

Yet

"War's a game that, were their objects wise,
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well
To extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes. . . .

Who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy, the world."

THE MERCANTILE VALUE OF THE FINE ARTS. THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE.

We think it desirable to take a brief view of the origin and early history of the fabric, both as a subject interesting in itself, and leading to the evolution of some valuable principles. Lace, in Latin *lacina*, primarily signifies the guard-hem or fringe of a garment. This form of decoration appears to have been applied to dress in the earliest ages; we find fringed borders on the robes of Egyptian princes and princesses as represented on the recently-discovered monuments; and minute directions are given in the Levitical law for the fringed borders of sacerdotal vestments. As the Egyptians prepared in their looms a light gauze so thin as to be called "woven air," it seems probable that the bordering of such dresses would be composed of some texture equally light and transparent; and we think that a fringe very closely approximating to modern lace may be seen on the dress of an Egyptian princess in Rosellini's collection. Mr. Hope's "Costumes of the Ancients" exhibit many beautiful lace patterns on the borders of the dresses of Grecian females, to some of which we may hereafter direct attention as worthy of being revived by modern manufacturers. After the conquest of Greece, the custom of wearing lace was introduced, with many other Hellenic fashions, into Rome, and it soon spread over Italy. From a few incidental notices we are led to believe that the manufacture of *lacina* or laces, became an important branch of Italian manufacture, and that its products formed a part of female luxury in the age of the Antonines. It was customary among the earlier Christians for females to wear veils during divine worship; but we find that some zealous writers in the age following that of the Flavian dynasty, complain of the evasion of this rule by some ladies who were proud of their charms, and fond of admiration; they wore some kind of network (*vela reticulata*), embroidered with patterns wrought by the needle (*acupicta*), which may be regarded as the origin of modern lace veils.

Mary de Medicis is said to have been the first who introduced the custom of wearing lace into the court of France; she brought the fashion from Venice, where lace had long been worn by the nobility of both sexes, as was indeed the case in most of the wealthy states of Italy. There is, however, some evidence to prove that laces of some kind had been previously known in northern Europe, for in a statute of Richard III., prohibiting foreigners from importing in England any such articles as were manufactured in the country, we find "laces of thread, and laces of gold, and laces of silk and gold," distinctly enumerated. If Shakspeare be regarded as a historical authority, laces were sold in England in the reign of Henry the Sixth:—

"Cade.—My wife descended of the Lacies.

"Dick.—She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.—(Aside.)" But here the word is equivocal, for lace was a name applied to a tape or bobbin used for fastening the dress, and continues to be used in that sense at the present day. It must also be remembered that pins, which are necessary to the manufacture of lace, properly so called, were not used in England before the year 1543; so that lace, if made at all, must have been limited in quantity and coarse in fabric. In examining the illustrations of costume in illuminated manuscripts, we have, however, proof that ornamental borderings partaking of the nature of lace were worn in the age of the Plantagenets; but we have been unable to discover indications sufficiently satisfactory to enable us to approximate with any degree of certainty to the nature and fineness of the texture.

Network, which is so closely related to lace, was, undoubtedly, produced in England under the Plantagenets. Embroidered nets of fine mesh are mentioned as worn for decoration in the descriptions of tournaments, but the notices of them are generally vague and imperfect.

Tradition ascribes the first establishment of the lace manufacture in England to some refugees from Flanders, who settled at the village of Cranfield, in the west of the county of Bedford, adjoining Buckinghamshire. We have not been able to find any definite authority for this statement, but it is not destitute of probability, for from the Flemings we have undoubtedly derived almost all our manufactures connected with dress. There is also abundant evidence that the Flemings were very successful in the production of this beautiful fabric, and that they introduced many improvements, both in its substance and design, which were subsequently imitated in England. In the early part of the seventeenth century the lace of the Netherlands held unquestioned superiority for tasteful design; children were trained to the manufacture from a very early age; and such was the demand that a very near approach to the modern factory system was made at this period in Flanders.

Buckinghamshire was the chief seat of the lace manufacture in England during the seventeenth century, and from thence it spread into the adjoining counties of Bedford and Northampton. It seems to have been regarded as a staple trade; for when a free school was founded at Great Marlow by Sir Henry Borlase, in 1626, one of the purposes for which it was endowed was stated to be the instruction of twenty-four girls in knitting, spinning, and the making of *bone lace*. Twenty years after, Fuller notices this branch of industry as a thriving manufacture, and his evidence is confirmed by that of the different itineraries. We have, however, a more decisive and very singular proof of the excellence to which English lace had arrived, in the great collection of the Royal Ordinances issued by the Kings of France. Without entering into any discussion of economic questions, on which a great difference of opinion prevails, we may mention that the principle of affording protection to native manufactures, by prohibitions and heavy import duties, was universally recognised in the seventeenth century; and, however this system may be condemned by the political economist, it has given important aid to the statistician and the historian: for these prohibitory laws and ordinances are often the only, and are always the best guides for ascertaining the progress of trade and manufacture. In 1660 an ordinance was issued, imposing a tax upon the import of lace into France, and the same amount of duty was fixed on the thread-lace of England and Flanders as on the point-lace of Genoa and Venice.

The family portraits of the seventeenth century help us to ascertain the progress that had been made in the application of the arts of design to the ornamental parts of dress. An examination of these portraits leads us to believe

that a great advance in the public taste had been made after the accession of Charles I.; and the lace worn by the ladies of his court, and by the nobles when in full dress, appears decidedly superior to that of the time of Elizabeth and James I. in fineness of texture and delicacy of embroidery. From the household accounts of the period, it would seem that pillow-lace was often made in noble families. In modern times we have seen a rage for manufactures seize suddenly on fashionable ladies. We can remember when they were seized with a passion for shoemaking, for inlaying cabinets, for basket-making, for papyroplastics, and very recently for working in Berlin wool; but the pillow-lace of the days of Charles I. was not a specimen of these forms of industrious idleness. The employment of ladies in those days was substantial work; and the daughters of persons of the highest rank were obliged to find employment in some useful labour.

The lace-pillow, once so common, has now almost totally disappeared; and a brief description of it will have novelty, at least for our youthful readers. It was a hard-stuffed pillow, or cushion, on which was placed a system of silk, flax, or cotton threads, fastened by pins, bobbins, and spindles, accommodated to a parchment pattern, which was to be imitated by the twisting and interweaving of the threads.

The earliest lace made in this country was of the kind called Brussels point. The net ground-work was made with bone bobbins on the pillow; and the pattern, usually sprigs or flowers, was embroidered with the needle. This is the kind which we find in the portraits painted by Sir Peter Lely; and on examining the representations of the lace worn by the beauties of Charles II.'s court, it will be seen that there was very little variety of pattern, but that, generally, the patterns were in good taste. Sir Godfrey Kneller is our authority for believing that this style of lace continued in fashion to the end of the reign of George I.; but in the subsequent reign it appears to have been superseded by the Mechlin ground, or, as it is called by the trade, "the wire ground;" this differs very slightly from the modern Mechlin, which is the principal article in the present French manufacture.

Mechlin lace, or lace worked on the old Mechlin ground, was exceedingly rich and durable; we have seen specimens of it more than a century old still retaining its original beauty, the figures on which have all the relief and sharpness of ornamental carving. But in lace, as in many other branches of decorative manufacture, fashion has been often found to introduce and give currency to ugliness at the expense of beauty, for the mere sake of variation. Shortly after the accession of George III., the lace manufacture was sadly deteriorated by the introduction of the "Trolly ground;" this was coarse, heavy, and vulgar in its effect, with angular figures, destitute of any meaning or purpose, altogether conceived and executed in the worst taste imaginable. Nevertheless, like every other fashionable absurdity, it had a great run for a few years, and was then as suddenly abandoned as it had been capriciously adopted. Taste reverted back to an older and better fashion; what was called "the old French ground" was revived, and has never since fallen entirely into desuetude.

At the time of the American Revolution, Buckinghamshire continued to be the principal seat of the lace trade; but the manufacture had spread into the western counties of England, and the productions of Honiton, in Devonshire, were deemed worthy of being compared with the celebrated fabrics of Chantilly, in France. A new style of ground was imported from the Netherlands in 1778, and was eagerly adopted by the lacemakers of Buckingham and its neighbourhood: this was called the "point ground." Some controversy has arisen respecting the origin of this style, and the invention has been claimed for British ingenuity; but we have pretty conclusive proof that it was introduced into the market as a Brussels lace, and that under this name the "point ground" had acquired some celebrity on the Continent before it was known in England.

At the close of the last century, English lace, though light and elegant in its ground, was miserably poor and spiritless in its designs; but the turmoil of the revolutionary war having checked the manufacture in France and Belgium, a stimulus was given to the British lacemakers, and the progress both in the tasteful design and exquisite execution, between 1800 and 1812, was astonishing and unprecedented. In 1815, lace made by machinery began to enter into competition with the pillow-lace; and since that time the continued improvements of machinery have almost annihilated the old processes of manufacture. Few could afford the luxury of lace when the price of a Honiton veil ranged between twenty and a hundred guineas; but, when the cost was reduced to one fifth of that sum, the beautiful luxury was placed within the reach of persons of moderate means.

The history of mechanical invention in the lace trade is very curious. Few persons are aware that there is no essential difference in principle between the lace-frame and the stocking-frame; but, on examining the texture of lace and of a common stocking, it will be seen that there is a very close analogy between knitting and netting. This analogy is said to have been first discovered by a frame-work knitter of Nottingham, named Hammond, about the year 1768. Tradition describes him as an idle, dissipated vagabond, but who, nevertheless, had talents of the highest order, though neglected and uncultivated. Destitute of money, employment, or credit, he was sitting in his wretched garret, listening to the reproaches of his indignant wife, when, in order to turn off the merited scolding, he pretended to admire the pattern of the lace that bordered her cap, and asked permission to examine it more closely. Female vanity overcame female indignation—a secret that may be worth knowing even in the best-regulated families—the cap was taken off and placed in his hands. As he examined the border in a mood of maudlin sentimentality, the thought struck him that he might make a similar article by means of his stocking-frame. He tried and succeeded. The lace first made by the frame was single press point net, in imitation of the Brussels ground. We believe that the machine employed for this purpose is no longer used in this country—at least we have not been able to hear of one—but in France we found these machines employed to a great extent in manufacturing the material called *tulle*. We believe that *tulle* could be made on some English frames, and have heard that the experiment is likely to be tried on a large scale in Leicester. In 1782 the warp-frame was introduced, which is still used in the manufacture of warp lace.

Ingenuity began now to be extensively engaged in new experiments. So early as 1799 a clever but unsuccessful attempt was made to manufacture bobbin-net by machinery. Workmen in their leisure hours employed themselves in forming new meshes on the hand, in the hope of perfecting a complete hexagon, which had hitherto baffled all the efforts of inventors. Few persons will be able to appreciate the difficulty which had to be overcome until they make some trials themselves; and we know of no more successful instruction to those who have a taste for the ingenuities and delicacies of mechanical operations than the comparison between their own efforts to effect such an object and the mode in which it is actually accomplished by machinery.

The inventor of the bobbin net frame is one of the many examples which

modern history affords of the paths to fame and fortune which mechanical invention opens to extraordinary exertions of honourable intelligence. Mr. Heathcoat, now member of Parliament for the borough of Tiverton, was in his youth a frame-work knitter—employed, we believe, at the stocking-frame. While in this situation his character for inventive talent, general intelligence, and high principle won him the respect both of his employers and his fellow-workmen: so that in his own sphere he then commanded the same respect which he now enjoys in the more elevated sphere to which he has been raised by the result of his inventions. He triumphed over the difficulties which had baffled his predecessors and competitors, and in 1809 obtained a patent for the bobbin-net frame. Steam power was first applied to the manufacture in 1820, but it came into general use about the time when Mr. Heathcoat's patent expired. Since that period the greatest improvement effected has been the application of the Jacquard principle to the lace-frame, by which the most elaborate patterns can be mechanically produced.

One reason for our dwelling at such length on the history of the lace trade is, that it illustrates more than any other the mercantile value of the Fine Arts. It is to the vast improvement in its designs, and the great attention now bestowed upon patterns, that the lace trade owes its present state of prosperity, in which it is not surpassed by any other branch of British industry. On the other hand, the stocking trade, which stands by its side and is pursued in the same districts, has sunk to a miserable state of depression, because modern fashions, which conceal the stocking, have rendered it unavailing to bestow ornament on this article of dress. We shall not enter into any examination of the economic causes which have tended to produce this result: we wrote not for political economists, but for artists. At the late meeting of the British Association in York, Mr. W. Felkin, of Nottingham, well known as one of the most eminent statisticians and enlightened philosophers of our day, laid documents before one of the sections which irresistibly proved that the prosperity of the lace trade is owing to the scope which it affords for the display of artistic design; while the depression of the stocking trade must mainly be attributed to the causes which have severed that branch of industry from all connexion with the Fine Arts.

GERMAN ART IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The first quarter of the sixteenth century witnessed the rise of the best painters of Germany, whilst the same period produced the master-works of Italian art. But there is a wide difference between the highest points attained by German and Italian art, not merely as regards the particular direction, and the views and feelings peculiar to each school, but with reference also to their relative completeness, and to the degree in which art in each country attained to a satisfactory solution of the problem set before it. In Italy the bloom of art burst forth in all the fulness of perfect works; the wonders of the ancient Greece again rose to life. Beauty revealed herself to mortal eyes; heavenly thoughts were embodied in perfect forms, and the highest dignity of man assumed a visible shape. In Germany, on the contrary, art never wholly cast off the early trammels of a constrained style; or other interests had here swayed men's minds; so that, where originality, or peculiar feeling, is unfolded in its works, we still find present, almost without a single exception, an element very different from that highest sense of beauty. Nevertheless, the power to mould and to develop beauty was not denied to the Germans. In the earlier period, which we have distinguished as that of the German style, there was a prevalent, and, in some cases, a successful, struggle (especially on the part of the masters of Cologne and Westphalia), to give an ideal character to their conceptions of a subject. At a later time, the Flemish and contemporary German artists put before us the forms of common life, delineated with greater or less truth to nature, but at the same time elevated by the expression of fine and pure feeling. These were assuredly elements which, in the progressive development of art, we might expect to have seen so carried out and combined as to have produced complete perfection. That such a result did not follow, must have been occasioned by the interference of some disturbing cause. This cause was that principle in art which is commonly designated as "the Fantastic." It forms a striking point in the character of the nations of the north, and its best explanation is found in the great features of northern nature. The bright skies of the south, the clear, transparent atmosphere, the graceful outline of the mountains, and the plastic forms of the vegetable world, combine to give repose to the eye and satisfaction to the mind. It is not so in the north, where clouds obscure the heavens, and mists drive through the valleys; where the earth, deprived of her beauty, lies wrapped in slumber for half the year; there the imagination is stimulated to activity within itself, and there it peoples the desert void with self-created forms. Hence the fables of the north, which have no representative in Italy or Greece, and which rest on a foundation so essentially different from the tales of the east. Hence, too, the wonderful variety of fantastic ornament in our architecture of the middle ages, and in the illuminated borders of our oldest manuscripts. But if the fancy, whilst she seeks to reign with arbitrary sway, wanders without restraint or limit, and disregards the fixed organic laws regulating the types of nature, the sovereign power of beauty will be exposed to constant peril. The dreams of fancy may assume the form of sportive earnestness, or may move in a sphere of gentle tenderness, but it is only when subjected to the one true law of beauty, and when the rude influence of supernatural agency is overthrown, that imagination gives evidence of a noble and pure feeling directed towards the highest ends. Even in the early periods of the development of northern art, this inclination to the fantastic betrays itself, although in general it is visible only in subordinate parts, and in some rare cases also is combined with higher pretensions to beauty. But why was it that this disturbing element should have re-appeared with overpowering strength at the very last moment, just when German art was on the point of unfolding its full excellence? It would seem that this principle may be traced to the general state of feeling and opinion at the time. The spirit of protestantism may be said to have announced itself thus, and it appeared to work injuriously in the province of the fine arts, whilst it kindled anew the light of science and of knowledge. This spirit invested the reason with the right of opposing and controverting the feelings hitherto misguided; in freeing human mind from its ancient bondage, it stirred up each man to investigate facts for himself, and sometimes consequently to set up his own subjective views, and generalize upon them. Such a course necessarily produced some singular consequences in politics, and in the other relations of life, nor were similar results wanting in art. When the understanding assumes undue predominance in the productions of art, the forms used readily assumes the shape of hieroglyphics and symbols; a subordinate degree of perfection in the forms themselves suffices to express the thought, and fancy, as the interpreter between the two, thus acquires a wide field and freer play. Thus it seems natural that, under such circumstances, the imagination should again take the ancient path, which indeed she had never wholly deserted; that

the fantastic dreams of old should be revived, and like mischievous demons, should hem in and retard the progress of true beauty. However profound and characteristic are the creations of a few master spirits of this period, they have scarcely ever attained that perfection which completely satisfies us. The sunshine of perfect beauty had rarely sufficient warmth to dissipate the chilling frosts of these mists and exhalations.—*Kugler's Hand-Book of the History of Painting.*

CAPTURE OF MONTEREY. OFFICIAL DESPATCHES

We are indebted to the Washington Union for slips, in advance of its own publication, of the official despatches from General Taylor relating to the capture of Monterey.

[No. 89.]

*Head Quarters, Army of Occupation,
Camp before Monterey, Sept. 22, 1846.*

Sir:—I have the honor to report that the troops under my command, including the mounted volunteers from Texas, marched from Marin on the 18th, and encamped before Monterey on the 19th inst. It was immediately discovered that the enemy occupied the town in force, and had added greatly to its strength by fortifying the approaches and commanding heights. A close reconnaissance was made the same evening by the officers of engineers and topographical engineers on both flanks of the town, and it was determined, from the information procured, to occupy the Saltillo road in the rear of the town, carrying, if practicable, the several fortified eminences in that direction. The 2d division of regular troops and a portion of Col. Hays's regiment of mounted volunteers was accordingly detached under Brig. Gen. Worth on this service, at noon on the 20th.—A ten-inch mortar and two 24 pounder howitzers were placed in battery during the night to play upon the citadel and town. At 7 o'clock these guns opened and continued a deliberate fire, which was returned. To create a still further diversion in favour of Gen. Worth's movement, the remainder of the force except a camp guard, was displayed around the centre and left of the town. The infantry and 1 battery of the 1st division made a strong demonstration on the left, and soon became so closely engaged that I moved forward the volunteer division under Major Gen. Butler to its support, leaving one battalion (1st Kentucky) to cover the mortar battery. A close contest then ensued, which resulted in the capture of one strong battery of four guns, which with some adjacent defences our troops now occupy. A garrison was left to hold this position, and the remainder of the force returned to camp.

In the mean time Gen. Worth had engaged the enemy early in the morning, and defeated him with considerable loss. In the course of the day two of the batteries in the rear of the town were carried by storming parties of the 2d division, and a third was carried this morning at dawn of day. The Bishop's Palace occupied the only remaining height in rear of the town, and is completely commanded by the works already carried. Gen. Worth's division occupies the Saltillo road, and cuts off all succor or support from the interior. I must reserve a more minute report of the important operations of yesterday until those of the different commanders are rendered, and also until a topographical sketch of the country can be prepared.

I regret to report that our successes have not been obtained without severe loss, to be attributed in a good measure to the order of the troops in pressing forward. No returns of killed and wounded have yet been received, nor is it known what corps of Gen. Worth's division have suffered most. In the other portion of the army the 1st, 3rd, and 4th regiments of Infantry and regiments of Tennessee volunteers have sustained the greatest loss. The following is believed to be an accurate list of the officers killed and wounded:—

Killed.

2d Infantry.—Brevet 1st Lieut J. S. Woods, (serving with 1st Infantry.)
3rd Infantry.—Capt. L. N. Morris; Capt. G. P. Field; Brevet Major P. F. Barbour; 1st Lieut. and Agt. D. S. Irwin; 2nd Lieut. R. Hazlitt.
4th Infantry.—1st Lieut. and Adj't., C. Hoskins.
8th Infantry.—Capt. H. McKavett.
Maryland and Washington Battalion Volunteers.—Lieut. Col. W. H. Watson.

Volunteer Division.

Ohio Regiment.—1st Lieut M. Hett.
Tennessee Regiment.—Capt. W. B. Allen; S. M. Putman.

Wounded.

Corps of Engineers.—Brevet Major J. K. T. Mansfield, slightly.
Corps of Topographical Engineers.—Capt. W. G. Williams, (in hands of the enemy.)
1st Infantry.—Brevet Major J. L. Abercrombie, slightly; Capt. J. H. Lamotte, severely; 1st Lieut. J. C. Terrett, in hands of the enemy; 2d Lieut. R. Dilworth, severely.
3d Infantry.—Major W. W. Lear, severely; Capt. H. Bainbridge, slightly.
5th Infantry.—1st Lieut. R. H. Graham, severely.
5th Infantry.—1st Lieut. N. B. Russell, slightly.
7th Infantry.—2d Lieut. J. H. Potter, severely.
8th Infantry.—2d Lieut. Geo. Wainwright, severely.

Volunteer Division.

General Staff.—Maj. Gen. W. O. Butler, slightly.
Ohio Regiment.—Col. A. M. Mitchell, slightly; Capt. James George, slightly; 1st Lieut. and Adj't. A. W. Armstrong, very severely; 1st Lieut. N. Niles, severely; 1st Lieut. L. Motter, slightly.
Mississippi Regiment.—Lieut. Col. A. H. McClung, severely; Captain R. N. Downing, slightly; 1st Lieut. H. F. Cook, slightly; 2d Lieut. R. K. Arthur, slightly.

Division of Texas Mounted Volunteers.

1st Regiment.—Capt. R. A. Gillespie, mortally.
I need hardly add, that the conduct of our troops, both regulars and volunteers, throughout the operations, has been everything that could be desired. The part which each corps contributed to the successes of the day will appear more fully in future reports. To Major Generals Butler and Henderson, and Brigadier Generals Twiggs, and Worth, commanding divisions, I must express my obligations for their sufficient support which they have rendered—particularly so to Brigadier General Worth, whose services, from his detached position, have been most conspicuous.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your obdt. servant,
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com.

The Adj't. Gen. of the Army, Washington, D. C.

[No. 90.]

*Head Quarters Army of Occupation,
Camp before Monterey, Sept. 23, 1846.*

Sir:—I have the gratification to report that the Bishop's Palace was gallantly

carried yesterday by the troops of the 2d division. In the course of the night the batteries below the town were, with one exception, abandoned by the enemy, and this morning were occupied by our troops. To-day the 3d infantry, with the field artillery of the 1st division, the Mississippi and Tennessee regiments, and the 2d regiment of Texas riflemen (dismounted,) have been warmly engaged with the enemy in the town, and have driven him with considerable loss the plaza and its vicinity, which is yet strongly occupied. A portion of the 2d division has also advanced into the town on the right, and holds a position there. The enemy still maintains himself in the plaza and citadel, and seems determined to make a stubborn resistance.

I am particularly gratified to report that our successes of yesterday and to-day, though disastrous to the enemy, have been achieved without material loss.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the gallantry and perseverance of our troops throughout the arduous operations of the last three days.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your obdt. serv't.
Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Com.

The Adj't. Gen. of the Army, Washington, D. C.

[No. 91.]

*Head Quarters Army of Occupation,
Camp before Monterey, Sept. 25, 1846.*

Sir:—At noon on the 23d inst., whilst our troops were closely engaged in the lower part of the city, as reported in my last despatch, I received by a flag, a communication from the governor of the State of New Leon, which is herewith enclosed, (No. 1.) To this communication, I deemed it my duty to return an answer declining to allow the inhabitants to leave the city. By eleven o'clock, p. m., the 2d division, which had entered the town from the direction of the Bishop's Palace, had advanced within one square of the principal plaza, and occupied the city up to that point. The mortar had, in the meantime, been placed in battery in the cemetery, within good range of the heart of the town, and was served throughout the night with good effect.

Early in the morning of the 24th, I received a flag from the town, bearing a communication from Gen. Ampudia, which I enclose, (No. 2;) and to which I returned the answer, (No. 3.) I also arranged with the bearer of the flag a cessation of fire until 12 o'clock, which hour I appointed to receive the final answer of Gen. Ampudia at Gen. Worth's head quarters. Before the appointed time, however, Gen. Ampudia had signified to Gen. Worth his desire for a personal interview with me, for the purpose of making some definite arrangement. An interview was accordingly appointed for one o'clock, and resulted in the naming of a commission to draw up articles of agreement regulating the withdrawal of the Mexican forces, and a temporary cessation of hostilities. The commissioners named by the Mexican general-in-chief were Generals Ortega and Requena and Don Manuel M. Llano, governor of New Leon. Those named on the American side were Gen. Worth, Gen. Henderson, Governor of Texas, and Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi volunteers. The commission finally settled upon the articles, of which I enclose a copy, (No. 4,) the duplicates of which (in Spanish and English) have been duly signed. Agreeably to the provisions of the 4th article, our troops have this morning occupied the citadel.

It will be seen that the terms granted the Mexican garrison are less rigorous than those first imposed. The gallant defence of the town, and the fact of a recent change of government in Mexico, believed to be favourable to the interests of peace, induced me to concur with the commission in these terms, which will, I trust, receive the approval of the government. The latter consideration also prompted the convention for a temporary cessation of hostilities. Though scarcely warranted by my instructions, yet the change of affairs since those instructions were issued seemed to warrant this course. I beg to be advised, as early as practicable, whether I have met the views of the government in these particulars.

I regret to report that Capt. Williams, topographical engineer, and Lieut. Terrett, 1st Infantry, have died of the wounds received in the engagement of the 21st. Capt. Gatlin, 7th infantry, was wounded (not badly) on the 23d.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR,

Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, commanding.

The Adjutant General of the Army, Washington, D. C.

(No. 1.)

Dr. Franco De P. Morales, Governor of New Leon, to Maj. Gen. Taylor.

Monterey, Sept. 23, 8 o'clock, A. M.

As you are resolved to occupy the place by force of arms, and the Mexican general-in-chief is resolved to defend it at every cost, as his honour and duty require him to do, thousands of victims, who, from indigence and want of means, find themselves now in the theatre of war, and who would be uselessly sacrificed, claim the right, which in all times, and all countries, humanity extends. As governor of the State, and a legitimate representative of the people, I state their case to you, and hope from your civilization and refinement, that whatever may be the event of the present contest, you will issue orders that families shall be respected, or will grant a reasonable time for them to leave the capital.

I have the honor to salute you, general-in-chief of the army of occupation of the United States, and to assure you of my highest consideration.

God and liberty.

FRANCO DE P. MORALES,

General-in-chief of the Army of Occupation of the United States.

(No. 2.)

D. Pedro Ampudia, general-in-chief, to Major General Taylor.

Head Quarters at Monterey, Sept. 23d, 1846, 9 o'clock P. M.

Senor General.—Having made the defence of which I believe this city susceptible, I have fulfilled my duty, and have satisfied that military honour which, in a certain manner, is common to all armies of the civilized world.

To prosecute the defence, therefore, would only result in distress to the population who have already suffered enough from the misfortunes consequent on war; and taking it for granted that the American government has manifested a disposition to negotiate, I propose to you to evacuate the city and its forts, taking with me the *personelle* and *materielle* which have remained, and under the assurance that no harm shall ensue to the inhabitants who have taken a part in the defence.

Be pleased to accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

PEDRO DE AMPUDIA.

To Senor Don Z. Taylor, General-in-chief of the American army.

(No. 3.)

*Head Quarters, Army of Occupation, Camp before Monterey,
Sept. 24, 1846, 7 o'clock, A. M.*

Sir: Your communication, bearing date at nine o'clock, P. M. on the 23d inst., has just been re-received by the hands of Col. Moreno. In answer to your proposition to evacuate the city and fort with all the personal and materiel of war, I have to state that my duty compels me to de-

cline acceding to it. A complete surrender of the town and garrison, the latter as prisoners of war, is now demanded. But such surrender will be upon terms, and the gallant defence of the place, creditable alike to the Mexican troops and nation, will prompt me to make those terms as liberal as possible. The garrison will be allowed, at your option, after laying down its arms, to retire to the interior on condition of not serving again during the war, or until regularly exchanged. I need hardly say that the rights of non-combatants will be respected.

An answer to this communication is required by 12 o'clock. If you assent to an accommodation, an officer will be dispatched at once, under instructions to arrange the conditions.—I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A., commanding.

Senor. D. Pedro de Ampudia, General in Chief, Monterey.

Terms of capitulation of the city of Monterey, the capital of Nuevo Leon, agreed upon by the undersigned commissioners, to wit: General Worth, of the United States army, General Henderson of the Texas volunteers, and Colonel Davis, of the Mississippi riflemen, on the part of Major General Taylor, commanding-in-chief the United States forces, and General Requena, and General Ortega, of the army of Mexico, and Senor Manuel M. Llano, governor of Nuevo Leon, on the part of Senor General Don Pedro Ampudia, commanding-in-chief the army of the north of Mexico.

Art. I. As the legitimate result of the operations before this place, and the present position of the contending armies, it is agreed that the city, the fortifications, cannon, the munitions of war, and all other public property, with the undermentioned exceptions, be surrendered to the commanding general of the United States forces now at Monterey.

Art. II. That the Mexican forces be allowed to retain the following arms, to wit: the commissioned officers their side arms, the infantry their arms and accoutrements, the cavalry their arms-and accoutrements, the artillery one field battery, not to exceed six pieces, with twenty-one rounds of ammunition.

Art. III. That the Mexican armed forces retire within seven days from this date, beyond the line formed by the pass of the Rinconada the city of Linares, and San Fernando de Presas.

Art. IV. That the citadel of Monterey be evacuated by the Mexican, and occupied by the American forces, to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock.

Art. V. To avoid collisions, and for mutual convenience, that the troops of the United States will not occupy the city until the Mexican forces have withdrawn, except for hospital and storage purposes.

Art. VI. That the forces of the United States will not advance beyond the line specified in the 2d [3d] article before the expiration of eight weeks, or until the orders or instructions of the respective governments can be received.

Art. VII. That the public property to be delivered shall be turned over and received by officers appointed by the commanding generals of the two armies.

Art. VIII. That all doubts as to the meaning of any of the preceding articles shall be solved by an equitable construction, and on principles of liberality to the retiring army.

Art. IX. That the Mexican flag when struck at the citadel, may be saluted by its own battery.

Done at Monterey, Sept. 24th, 1846.

W. J. WORTH Brigadier General U. S. A.

S. PINKNEY HENDERSON, Major General Commanding the Texan Volunteers.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Col. Mississippi Riflemen.
MANUEL L. LLANO, T. REQUENA,
ORTEGA, PEDRO AMPUDIA.

Approved: Z. TAYLOR, Maj. Gen. U. S. A. Comdg.

Correspondence of the Mobile Daily Advertiser.

BISHOP'S PALACE, MONTEREY, MEXICO, Sept. 24.

GENTLEMEN: This is the fourth day, since the battle of Monterey commenced. On the 20th, at noon Gen. Worth marched from the camp east of the town, and McCullough's and Gillespie's companies of rangers forming the reconnoitering party. At night the division bivouacked almost within the range of the guns stationed upon the highest point of the hill, on which the Bishop's Palace is situated. At daylight on the 21st, the column was again in motion, and in a few moments was turning the point of a ridge which protruded out towards the enemy's guns, bringing us as near to them as their gunners could desire. They immediately opened upon the column with a howitzer and 12 pounder, firing shell and round shot as fast as they could discharge their pieces.

The road now wound in towards a gorge but not far enough to be out of range of their guns, which still played upon us. Another ridge lay about three fourths of a mile beyond the first, around the termination of which the road wound, bringing it under the lofty summit of a height which rises between Palace Hill and the mountains which rise over us on the west. When the head of the column approached the ridge a body of Mexican cavalry came dashing around the point to charge upon our advance. Capt. Gillespie immediately ordered his men to dismount and place themselves in ambush. The enemy evidently did not perceive this manœuvre, but the moment they came up, the Texans opened on them a most effective fire, unsaddling a number of them. McCullough's company now dashed into them—Capt. C. F. Smith's camp, and Capt. Scott's camp of Artillery, (acting as infantry) and Lieut. Longstreet's company of the 8th Infantry with another company of the same regiment likewise charged upon the enemy.

The Texan horsemen were soon engaged with them in a sort of hand-to-hand skirmish, in which a number of the enemy fell, and one Texan was killed and two wounded. Col. Duncan now opened upon them with his battery of light artillery, pouring a few discharges of grape among them, and scattering them like chaff. Several men and horses fell under this destructive fire. I saw one horse and rider bound some feet into the air and both fell dead and tumbled down the steep. The foot companies above named then rushed up the steep, and fired over the ridge at the retiring enemy, a considerable body of whom were concealed from our view around the point of a hill.

About thirty of the enemy were killed in this skirmish, and among them a captain, who, with two or three others, fell in the road. The captain was wounded in three places, the last shot hitting him in the forehead. He fought gallantly to the last, and I am sorry that I cannot learn his name. The light batteries, one of which is commanded by Lieut. Mackall, were now drawn up, on the slope of the ridge, and the howitzers opened upon the height of Palace Hill. A few shells only were thrown before the enemy commenced firing with a nine pounder from the height immediately over the right of the column, aiming at Duncan's batteries. The several regiments took positions, and a few more shell were thrown towards Palace Hill, but did no execution.

The nine-pounder continued to throw its shot, with great precision at our batteries, one ball falling directly in the midst of the pieces, but fortunately hitting neither men or guns. Finding his batteries thus exposed, and unable to effect anything, Col. Duncan removed his company to a rancho about half a mile farther up the Saltillo road, where Gen. Worth took up his position, after ordering the foot regiments to form along the fence, near the point of the ridge. The Artillery Battalion, 5th 7th and 8th Infantry, the Louisiana Volunteers remained in this position about two hours, directly under the fire of the enemy's guns (now two.) The balls fell directly in their midst all this time without wounding a man.

To begin with, the Mexicans manage their artillery in battery as well as the Americans do—this I believe is now conceded by every officer. At half-past 10 the column moved towards the General's position. At this time, Capt. McKavett, of the 8th Infantry, was shot through the heart by a nine pound ball, and a private of the 5th Infantry was so severely wounded in the thigh, that he died the next morning. About fifty Mexicans now appeared upon the hill side, over the moving column, and fired at our troops some hundred musket shot, without doing any harm.

The Division deployed into the positions pointed out, and remained an hour or two when Capt. C. F. Smith, of the Artillery Battalion, with two companies (his own and Capt. Scott's) and four companies Texan Rangers on foot, were ordered to storm the second height! This the gallant officer cheerfully undertook, and was followed with enthusiasm by the officers and men of his command. It was considered on all sides to be a most dangerous undertaking, and this part was considered most emphatically a forlorn hope. That the height would be taken no one doubted, but that many brave fellows would fall in the attempt, seemed inevitable. The distance to be climbed after reaching the foot of the hill, was about a quarter of a mile; a part of the way was almost perpendicular and through bushes and over sharp pointed rocks and loose sliding stones.

The 7th Infantry, commanded by Capt. Miles, was ordered to support Capt. Smith's party, and by marching directly to the foot of the height, arrived before Capt. Smith, who had been ordered to take a circuitous route. Capt. Miles sent up Lieut. Grant with a detachment of men, upon the hill side, to divert the attention of the enemy from Capt. Smith's command, which could not yet be seen. The 7th had already sustained a heavy fire of grape and round shot, as they forded the San Juan, which winds round the foot of the height, which fell like a shower of hail in their ranks, without killing a man. Lieut. Gantt's party were greeted with grape and round shot, which cut the shrubs and tore up the loose stones in the ranks without killing any one; but the gallant young officer came within an inch of being killed by a cannon ball, which raked down the steep and filled his face with fragments of rock, dust and gravel.

The fire was accompanied by a constant discharge of musketry, the enemy covering the upper part of the hill side, but the detachment continued to move up, driving the Mexicans back, until they were recalled. Capt. Smith's party now arrived and moved up the hill, the Rangers in advance, and did not halt for an instant until the Mexicans were driven from the summit. Whilst this was going on, Col. Persiflor F. Smith, who commanded the 5th and 7th Infantry—the 5th, with Blanchard's Louisiana boys, under Maj. Martin Scott, had been ordered to support the whole—gave orders for these commands to pass around on each side and storm the fort, which was situated about half a mile back of the summit on the same ridge and commanded Bishop's Palace.

Such a foot race as now ensued has seldom if ever been seen; the Louisiana boys making the tallest kind of strides to be in with the foremost. Capt. Smith had the gun which he took upon the height, run down towards the breast works and fired into it. Then came Col. P. F. Smith's men, with a perfect rush, firing and cheering—the 5th and 7th and Louisianians reaching the ridge above nearly at the same time. The Mexicans fired at them with grape, but it did not save them, or cause an instant's hesitation in our ranks. Our men run and fired, and cheered, until they reached the work, the foremost entering at one end whilst the Mexicans, about 1,000 in number, left the other in retreat.

The colours of the 5th Infantry were instantly raised, and scarcely were they up before those of the 7th were along side. The three commands entered the fort altogether, so close was the race—the 5th, however, getting an advance in first. J. W. Miller, of Blanchard's company, was among the first four or five who entered. The three commands may be said to have come out even in the race, for the 7th was not five seconds behind. In less than five minutes the gun found in the fort was thundering away at the Bishop's Palace! More ammunition was found than our troops will use with the three guns that were captured. One of the guns was found concealed. They are 9-pound brass pieces.

Several mules and half a dozen beautiful tents were likewise captured. Killed, none. Wounded, in 7th Infantry, Lieut. Potter, bullet through the calf of the leg; Orderly Sergeant Hurdle, of K. company; Corporal S. P. Oakley, severely in the thigh. Oakley is from New York city, and a very intelligent, well educated man, as well as a good soldier. Private White—the same who captured the Mexican officer's trunk at Marin, and who received it and its contents from Gen. Taylor—wounded in the head. Fifth Infantry; killed none; wounded—Lieut. Russell, in the arm; Sergeant Maj. Brand, badly, in the mouth with a musket ball. Privates McManus and Grubb, slightly wounded—Sergeant Uptergaph, colour-bearer, distinguished himself by his gallantry.

Thus was this brilliant *coup de main* made almost without bloodshed. I have not time now to give the particulars of this glorious affair. Capt. C. F. Smith was in the advance, with McCall, at the battle of Resaca de la Palma, and is one of the most gallant and accomplished officers in the Army—so say all his fellow officers whom I have heard speak of him. Col. P. F. Smith—Gen. Smith of Louisiana—distinguished himself on that occasion, as did Maj. Scott and Capt. Miles; and, in truth, every officer and man did his duty nobly.

The gallant conduct of Captain Blanchard and Lieut. Tenbrinck, and the two brothers Nicholls, is praised by all the officers who were there. In truth the Louisiana boys have fought every day for four days, and I assure you, as Gen. Worth's report will bear me out in saying, and as every officer in the 2d Division will testify, this corps has distinguished itself on every occasion where they have been called on.

The sons of Judge Nicholls, of Donaldsonville, have stood fire for four or five hours at a time, driving the enemy—under their battery—from bush to bush, and rock to rock, and at last were among the foremost to rush into the Bishop's Palace and take it by storm.—Capt. Blanchard and his company have already made a reputation that will not soon be forgotten. S. G. Allen, private of this company was mortally wounded in this fight, and died next morning. Capt. Smith had one killed or wounded in his party of regulars—two Texans were wounded, viz: Wm. Carley and B. F. Keese.

BISHOP'S PALACE, Monterey, Sept. 24, 1846.

Gentlemen: I date both my letters on one day, because I am obliged to foot up the news of the last four days, having had no writing materials along. Even now, though I write in a palace, I am obliged to hold the sheet of paper in one

hand on my knee, for want of a desk. But I have no time for extra remarks—a chance offers to send you the news, and I must hurry to give you a glance at what has been done here, before the express goes off.

On the morning of the 21st, Col. Childs, of the Artillery Battalion, with three of his companies—one commanded by Capt. Vinton, another by Capt. J. B. Scott, and the third by Lt. Ayers,—and three companies of the 8th Infantry—company A commanded by Lieut. Longstreet and Lieut. Wainwright; B company, Lieut. Holloway, commanding, and Lieut. Merchant; D company, Capt. Scrivner and Lieut. Montgomery—was ordered to take the summit of Palace Hill.

The Colonel left camp at 3 o'clock A. M. and climbed the mountain through the chaparral and up the steep rocks, with such secrecy that, at daybreak, he was within one hundred yards of the breast-work of sand-bags before he was discovered. The Mexicans poured their musketry into them, but they rushed up the precipice and soon had the place. Three of the artillery men, having rushed ahead too fast, found themselves in the hands of the Mexicans who took their muskets, and shot them down with the very pieces they had given up. I saw the poor fellows lying there.

I have but a few moments to write in, and must therefore defer the particulars of the storming of the place until I have more time. Col. Stanford went up at day break with the balance of the 8th, and Maj. Scott led up the 5th. The Louisiana boys were on the hill with the 5th, at 8 o'clock, A. M. One of Duncan's howitzers, under the command of Lt. Rowland, was dragged up, or rather *lifted* up, and operated on the palace, which was filled with troops. The Mexicans charged on the howitzers, but were driven back. A constant firing was kept up for several hours, particularly by Blanchard's men, who left a dozen Mexicans dead upon the hill side.

At length a charge was ordered, and our men rushed down upon the palace, entered a hole in a door that had been blocked up, but opened by a howitzer, and soon cleared the work of the few Mexicans who remained. Lt. Ayres was the lucky one who first reached the halcyards, and lowered the flag. One 18 pound brass piece a beautiful article, manufactured in Liverpool, in 1842, and a short brass 12 pound howitzer, were captured, with a large quantity of ammunition and some muskets and lances.

The fort adjoining the palace walls is not completed, but is very neatly constructed as far as it is built. The killed on our side in taking the palace was seven—wounded twelve. Lt. Wainwright was wounded in the arm and side by a musket ball, but will soon recover, it is hoped. Mr. John Francis, of New Orleans, belonging to Blanchard's Company, was killed. I will give a full account of this affair at another time. Col. Childs, Capt. Vinton, Capt. Blanchard, Lt. Longstreet, Lt. Clark, (Adj. of the 8th,) Lt. Ayres, Lt. McCowen, and the two Nicholls, seem to have been the heroes of the day.

The two latter "did the thing up brown," and not only Judge Nicholls, but Louisiana may well be proud of such sons. The Mexicans lost at least thirty killed—twenty one had been buried this morning, and I saw a number lying on the hill side, that were not discovered by our men when they brought in the dead.

Yesterday morning the whole division under Gen. Worth entered the town on this side, and have been fighting there ever since. The heart of the city is nothing but one fortification, the thick walls being pierced for muskets, and cannon being placed so as to rake the principal streets. The roofs being flat, and the front walls rising three or four feet above the roof, of course every street has a line of breastworks on each side. A ten inch mortar came around from Gen. Taylor last evening, and it is now placed in the largest plaza, to which our troops have fought step by step and from house to house.

Duncan's batteries are in town, and the present impression is that the place will soon be taken. Gen. Worth has gained all the strong holds that command the city, and has pushed the enemy as far as they can go without falling into Gen. Taylor's hands on the other side of the city. All this has been done with the loss of only about seventy killed and wounded! The achievement is a glorious one—sufficiently so to satisfy the ambition of any man on earth. I was expecting to see Gen. Worth rushing his men into unnecessary danger in order to win for them and himself great military fame, but his conduct has been very different from this.

His great study has been to gain these commanding points with the least possible sacrifice of life. At first it seemed totally impossible to storm these heights—it looked like charging into the clouds—but it has been done. The Bishop's palace, which is as strong as it was represented to be, has been stormed and taken by our brave soldiers. I should have stated that Col. Hays, with a body of his troops, and Captains Gillespie and McCulloch were at the taking of the palace. Capt. Gillespie was mortally wounded, and died yesterday morning regretted by the whole army.

MONTEREY, MEXICO, Sept. 25th, 1846.

Gentlemen: * * * Ampudia kept Gen. Taylor until nearly midnight last night, preparing the terms, etc. Many persons, particularly the Texian volunteers who fought so bravely, are displeased at these terms. The town was all but in our hands, and they believe could have been taken in a few hours. I believe that it would have required much more hard fighting to have taken it, but this was not the question with Gen. Taylor. He and all his officers knew pretty well, of course, that the town could soon be taken, but he wanted no prisoners to take up his time and eat up his substance, but he did have an object in view which will be reached by the terms of this capitulation, and that object will lead to a result most beneficial to our Government under whose advice or orders Gen. Taylor acted in agreeing to those terms. As I have a few moments to spare before the express goes out this morning, (he was detained last night by the slow progress of business with Ampudia,) I will speak of the operations of Gen. Taylor on his side of the town.

Major Mansfield of the Engineers, reconnoitred the enemy's works on the night of the 19th, but could obtain no very accurate information, although he approached very near to some of them on the heights. On the 20th, Lt. Scarritt and Lt. Pope were sent out to reconnoitre the works; Scarritt on the right and Pope on the left of the town. The latter approached and discovered the position of a battery on the extreme left, and was exposed to a fire of cannon and musketry from Lancers, from which, after finishing his observations, he retired in safety. On the night of the 20th, the mortar and howitzer batteries were placed in a position to play on the strong holds around the citadel. The action commenced on the morning of the 21st by the opening of these two batteries. Col. Garland's brigade were ordered to move to the left for the purpose of storming the battery discovered by Lt. Pope the day before, and to occupy, if possible the lower part of the city. Maj. Mansfield, Capt. Williams, and Lt. Pope were ordered in advance to select the most available point of attack, and to direct the movements of the column upon it.

Three companies were thrown forward as skirmishers, and advanced rapidly

towards the works, followed by the Brigade in line of battle under a cross fire of artillery. The column charged into a street about 200 yards to the right of the battery, passed the works entirely, and effected an entrance into the town. After advancing rapidly about 400 yards beyond the battery, they came immediately in front of a masked battery of artillery and musketry, which swept the street completely by its range. The barricades of the streets at sixty yards distant from the head of the column, were lined with Mexican troops, who entirely covered themselves, opened a murderous discharge of grape and musketry upon the advancing column. Every house in the street was pierced for musketry, and enfiladed the street in every direction.

Under this fire the following officers were killed or mortally wounded: Major Barbour, 3d Infantry, by grape shot in the abdomen; Capt. Williams, Topographical Engineer, shot through the body by musket ball, fell in the street and was dragged in the doorway of a house by Lt. Pope, amidst a shower of balls that covered him with dust. The gallantry of this young officer, now in his first battle, is spoken of in admiration by the whole Army. Capt. Williams died the next day, and was buried with honors of war by the Mexican troops, into whose hands he had fallen. Lieut. Terrett, 1st infantry shot through the body, died the next day.

It being impossible, in the opinion of the Engineer Officers to effect anything in attacking the barricades in front, the column moved rapidly up a street to the right, with the intention of turning them. Being reinforced by the Ohio regiment, a second charge was made under the direction of Gen. Butler which, owing to the tremendous fire of musketry and grape from the barricades and stone houses, likewise proved ineffectual. The troops were then ordered by Gen. Taylor to retire in good order and get under cover from the enemy's fire, which order was handsomely executed.

During the engagement in town of Garland's Brigade, the forts that were passed on the left in entering the town, were gallantly carried by the Tennessee and Mississippi regiments—the first commanded by Col. Campbell, and the second by Col. Davis. Lt. Col. McClung of the Mississippi regiment, was dangerously wounded. These regiments sustained a great loss of killed and wounded, but I cannot in the short time left me, ascertain the names or number of those who fell. Capt. Bragg's battery of Light Artillery was brought into action, but as it was impossible to use it effectively, it was withdrawn. Several pieces of artillery were captured. The forts that were taken were occupied by Ridgely's Light Artillery Company, who turned the captured pieces against the enemy's works, and the cannonade was kept up the rest of the day.

On the night of the 22d, the enemy abandoned the two works which had proved so destructive to the 3d and 4th Infantry, and they were occupied early the next morning by the Mississippi regiments under General Quitman. About 8 o'clock same morning, these two regiments advanced on the town, and a sharp engagement commenced. The regiments were supported by a body of Texian Rangers, (dismounted for the occasion,) under Gen. Henderson, and by the 3d regiment of Infantry. The fight was kept up until 4 o'clock, P. M., during which our troops drove the enemy from house to house, almost to the main plaza. The loss on our side was not severe during this day. On the morning of the 24th a flag of truce was sent in, which resulted in the capitulation of the town. H

P. S. Our killed and wounded in taking Monterey, amounted to about five hundred, nearly three hundred killed. Some time will elapse before the number will be known accurately, but it is well known that few prisoners were taken by the Mexicans.

Monterey.—This city is the capital of the State of New Leon. It is on the Fernando river, about 220 miles from its mouth. It has well paved streets, and mostly one story stone buildings. The population is about 12,000, and the city is situated on the main travelling route from the Rio Grande to the city of Mexico.

A LEGEND OF FLORENCE.

There is a street in Florence which is called the Via della Morte, a name derived from a remarkable circumstance. Antonio Rondinelli, a young Florentine in the middle rank of life, fell passionately in love with Ginevra Arneri, a beautiful young woman of the same station. The lover could not, by any entreaties or concessions, obtain her from her father, who chose rather to give her to Francesco Angolanti, a youth of a distinguished and noble family. It would be in vain to attempt describing the agony of the real lover on receiving this intelligence; nor was Ginevra the less afflicted, her heart being wholly devoted to Rondinelli. Now, whether it arose from the struggles of disappointed affection, or from any physical cause, the effect was that, four years after this unhappy union, she fell ill. Remaining without pulse, and finally giving no external signs of life, she was considered dead, and, accordingly, was deposited in the family vault under the Duomo, and close to the Campanile. The tomb is still shown in our time. It is narrated, by Leopold del Meylione, that when the fossus was repaired, and this vault passed into the family of the Riacci, the letters G. and A. the initials of Ginevra Arneri, were engraved upon it, being a confirmation of the truth of the story. The death of Ginevra was not real, but one of those protracted swoons which the faculty are unable to explain. On the night following her dreadful incarceration, the unhappy Ginevra, on regaining her senses, became aware of her situation. Recovering, by degrees, a little strength, increased by her despair and horror, she succeeded in breaking the cord which bound her hands and feet. Lighted by a ray of the moon, which gleamed through the door of the vault, she crept towards it, and pushing it open with her head, feebly ascended the stairs, and gained the outer air. Taking the shortest paths, she passed through the street, then called the Misericordia, but ever afterwards, from the circumstance, the Via della Morte. Knocking at the door of her husband's house, she claimed admittance; but he, scared by her sepulchral costume, and hollow, yet faint, voice, believing her also to be the ghost of his wife, refused entrance to her, while hastily closing his casement. Thus repulsed, she continued to crawl along to the house of her father adjoining, Bernardo Arneri, from whom she encountered the same cruel repulse, as also from an uncle in the Mercato Vecchio. Abandoned thus to her unhappy fate, she resolved, ere lying down to die, to essay the affection of her former lover, from whom she had received so many remembered pledges of love, after his horror was overcome he comforted, assisted, restored to health, and married her. The chronicle further says that this marriage being deemed invalid by her former husband and family, the cause was tried by the magistrates of Florence, who, strangely enough, gave it in favour of the second husband; and not on the plea of Ginevra's having been interred, but because all her family had refused to admit her. To make more clear the truth of her release from the tomb, I should state the custom, that people in those days were not buried in coffins, but in sacks, tied up at the neck and feet.—*Prose from the South.*

OBITUARY.

Died, yesterday, at his residence in this city, the Hon. Henry Stephen Fox, late envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of her Britannic majesty, near this government, in the 56th year of his age.

Of this distinguished gentleman, who has resided so long among us, we are now to present only the following short biographical sketch.

The Hon. Henry Stephen Fox was born in 1791; and was the son of General Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland.—He was thus the nephew of the celebrated Charles James Fox, and cousin of the late amiable and enlightened Lord Holland. We may add, moreover, that through one of his female ancestors, he inherits the blood of merry King Charles II, and consequently of Henry IV.

In his younger days, Mr. Fox was well known in the *beau monde* of London, as one of a coterie of elegant, gay, and witty gentlemen of high birth, among whom were Lord Byron, Lord Kinnaird, and others more or less celebrated in their time, whose deeds and sayings are recorded by Moore in his life of Byron.

After the peace in 1815, he visited the continent, and by remaining too long in Rome, he contracted the malaria fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave, and produced an effect most deleterious upon his constitution. He then entered the diplomatic career, in which his advance was rapid, in consequence of his talents, as well as through the influence of his noble and political connections. He was the first minister plenipotentiary of Great Britain to Buenos Ayres, from which he was transferred in the same capacity to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to this government 1836. Of the talent displayed in his correspondence on many delicate and difficult questions of international law, of his uniform courtesy, of the amenity of his manners in society, it is unnecessary for us to speak. They are all attested by those who have been placed in a situation to observe him.—*Union*.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

At the time we are writing this, the *Great Britain* Steam Ship has not arrived at New York, and this is her twenty-fourth day according to the date at which she was advised to the public to leave Liverpool; but, although, in common with the rest of people here who feel interested about her we are not without our apprehensions, we do not feel the dread of a fearful result as many seem to do, for there are several plausible reasons why she may not be here. In the first place she might not be ready after her careful overhaul at Liverpool to sail on the appointed day; she may have met with the gale in "the chops of the Channel," and may have put back again, in which case she may probably not come here this season at all; Capt. Hoskin, who is both a good seaman and a scientific man as well as experienced in the Atlantic, may have seen something in the course of the weather to prevent him from going far on the Atlantic till certain signs may have passed by, in which case he has probably put into some anchorage; or the machinery may be injured, such as carrying away the screw, or any other important gear, so that Capt. Hoskin may have thought it best to bear up; in fact many suggestions may be thought of which may account for her absence at present. However, the *Caledonia* will be due about the 17th or 18th inst., in which case we shall know more of the probabilities of the matter, if the *Great Britain* do not come to port before then.

In our news columns to-day will be found the particulars of the Monterey affair, which seems to have been a very serious encounter, and which in its results may be very important to the United States and Mexico, but as it is out of our way to comment on these, we let the passing events speak for themselves.

RAMBLES IN VERMONT.—No. IV.

There was one peculiarity attracted attention during the "Rambles in Vermont" which ought not to be overlooked; not that it is contrary to the moral feeling of mankind, but so much at variance from moral action that it is worthy of record and of admiration. This was in the neighbourhood of South and North Wallingford, to which places we had the pleasure of an excursion with a friend the day after we arrived at Rutland. We perceived in the neighbourhood of the Wallingfords at short distances several handsome and complete farmsteadings, good dwelling houses, good sized and complete barns, stables, and all that denoted warm (by which we mean *well-off*) proprietors; they appeared to have been erected much about the same time, and so nearly alike that we surmised there must be some history *anent* them. Upon enquiry of our friend we learnt that a man who had been "the artificer of his own fortune" and who had no children of his own had determined when advanced in life that his own relatives, who would be his natural heirs, should enjoy during his lifetime the greater part of the property he had accumulated. To one of these he lent (qu advanced) say the sum of 3,000 dollars, to another 5,000, to another 4,000, so that he considered so much *lent* as debts due to his estate, and finally he bequeathed his property among them equally, but the *loans* to be repaid to the estate. By this means, as they were chiefly agriculturally inclined, and all lived in this neighbourhood, they *borrowed* from the old uncle sufficient to buy the farms, upon which they resided when I saw it, to build the houses, steadings, and stock the estates, and to enjoy each his own *otium cum dignitate*, whilst the old man was alive to witness their happiness and comfort, and who still retained so much in his own hands as to be independent and feel at liberty with means to exercise his own generous disposition. How few are there who have the moral courage thus to part, in their life-time, with what they know they can keep but a few years at most, to those who must have it hereafter. Well, thus they lived, some married and some not, but they thought themselves well off, and considered their chance a happy one and their uncle a liberal-hearted man who could reverse the old adage that avarice is prominently the vice of

old age. Nay, as the sequel will shew, avarice or cupidity was the vice of comparative youth, for the uncle died, the personal property was settled according to the terms of his regular account of loan and will, but there was some real estate left by the old gentleman which was somewhere obscure in its arrangement, and to it they went, tooth and nail, into the hands of the law to settle this obscure part of the property, and probably they will throw away great part of all that their benefactor gave them in order to ascertain who has the best right to the rest. The practitioners of the law will prove the *real* heirs, for into their hands will the real wealth come, while the wranglers if they had remained poor as most of them were born, would have borne well the evils of labor and poverty to which they were accustomed from their birth, may ill abide the coming down again to the poverty which was once their lot.

In this neighbourhood, at a delightful village called Clarendon, has been discovered some very fine and very hygienic Springs. I know not whether this be true St. Ronan's well, but it has all the mysticism of its origin, and all the moral effect upon the neighbourhood;—for no one knows, or at least, no one is able to describe the qualities of the spring, except that its waters are good for every sort of disorder that "flesh is heir to," and every one finds benefit from the place—I presume that every one finds amusement there, which is the real secret—and a fine *hote* is there, and there are walks to the springs, and, is a clique, and there is tittle-tattle there, and for aught we know there is much good by discovery for people come forty or fifty miles, even out of the adjoining state of New Hampshire to visit it in the summer, but its influence does not reach across the lake Champlain, for we do not hear of any one going to Clarendon from New York state, for the sake of its waters, unless indeed it be from the village of Essex.

But we have not yet done with this beautiful neighbourhood. About four miles to the westward of Rutland are some beautiful falls of, we think, the Otter Creek, and most romantic and picturesque they are, they will well repay the way-farer for stopping a few hours on his route, and going these few miles to visit the falls. I am not aware that they have any name, but they are; well known, and are seen to great advantage by travellers coming southward when seen about a mile to the northward of Pittsford. The village of Rutland is a sweet, quiet, extensive, yet important spot. Here is a court-house and a jail, and here presides and resides the celebrated Judge Williams who has attained great eminence in Vermont from his forensic knowledge and his independence on the bench. The judges and indeed almost every public man is elected by the people annually in Vermont, and yet—it is a problem in morals—I heard nothing but of impartiality in the performance of public duties, and yet this is the more remarkable as salaries in that State are very small. An excellent full length likeness of Judge Williams is put up in the Court-house, so that the original and the picture are seen both together, a questionable piece of taste that is. From the premises of a house on the north end of the village may be seen a vista between the mountains to the southward which far eclipse the poetic descriptions of Arcadia, for there is picturesque beauty, agricultural richness, all that please the eye, fascinate the imagination, and satisfy the wishes of the most fastidious, and it is with difficulty that the stranger withdraws from its contemplation.

From Rutland the country is delicious and the scene is ever changing through Pittsford, and many other places which charm the English eye by the English names, till we arrive at the village of Brandon, another place of great business celebrity, and picturesque beauty on the north road, that we cannot help pausing here and dwelling on the pleasure of seeing and travelling on this scene. In this neighbourhood are very fine and very valuable iron mines and smelting works.

The village of Brandon, besides its cleanliness, quiet, and the beauty which as far as I have seen is peculiar to Vermont villages, is remarkable for the extent of its iron mines and a very extensive iron foundry both belonging to the same proprietor and which give abundant employment to a good number of people, and here may be said to end one great chain of mountains to the east, whilst the western range has been for some time broken, and the heights to be tending towards the Lake Champlain. From hence to Middlebury about 16 miles, and from thence to the only city of the State, Vergennes, is an open plain, or rather a rolling ground than a hilly one, and one can hardly be said to recommence a mountainous country in that route except just before coming to Burlington. But the road from Brandon to Burlington is exceedingly pleasant and interesting.

Leaving Brandon the first place of any note is Middlebury which actually looks tempting as a residence and is a noble neat square clean-looking village, in the neighbourhood of which is a college which after being some time in estimation has fallen into pecuniary difficulties from which it is becoming gradually extricated by the good management of its trustees and its present principal. From this place to Vergennes there is nothing remarkable save that as we approach the latter place we get glimpses of the Lake Champlain, and the prospects *west-erly* are those of fine land in good cultivation. But Vergennes itself, to be a city and the *only* one in the state is very dull, and there is nothing remarkable in it except the air of antiquity about it, very different from that which the rest of the state presents. But about 16 miles further and we arrive at the *village* of Burlington, and this indeed is worthy to be deemed a city and to be the metropolis of Vermont; for it is clean, spacious, it has numerous streets, is busy with the hum of employment, has one excellent quay and harbour on the Lake Champlain, has numerous inhabitants, and is the centre of commerce from the N. E. of the State of New York, from Canada, and from Massachusetts. It is from here these Railroads are in progress taking the route of Montpelier, through the centre of the state and entering Massachusetts by cutting through the S. W.

corner of New Hampshire about Bellows falls. Whilst I am noticing this I may as well observe that there is some speculation about a line of Railroad coming by way of the S. W. of Vermont and joining the central Railroad by way of the valley I have heretofore described and turning off to the right above Brandon join the central Railroad just alluded to which will communicate with the capital Montpelier.

Burlington was the most northerly point of my present "ramblings" and I therefore turned my face eastward towards Montpelier, a road which presented a new face of nature, for the way was in the valley of the Winooski or Onion River and kept close to the meanderings of that river from three or four miles from Burlington, to Montpelier itself. In this part of my journey the prospect was limited, except by the breaks in the chains of high mountains or in the vista right forward of the road: on one side was the Mansfield mountain about 5,000 feet high, the highest in Vermont; with the chain northward which belonged to it,—a little farther towards the east, and on the southern side was the celebrated "Camels hump," nearly as high,—and the chain which belonged to it stretching southward till it almost met the chain which broke off to the East of Brandon. In the valleys on this road were fine farms well cultivated and by "*rocs eacrees*" which seemed to defy the fury of the stormy blast, in the deepest part of the ravine was the river Onion which every where was picturesque, and sometimes appeared in falls, sometimes in rapids, sometimes in a quiet smooth stream, sometimes on both sides making its way through clefts of rock. This part of the journey was highly interesting both by nature and accident, for immediately before there had been a violent rain-storm which had caused torrents from the hills, and the consequence had been the washing away of bridges, the gullying of roads, and the greater part of this travel was little else than *debris* which made it precarious and dangerous.

I had thought that the "Whips" of England could not be surpassed in any part of the world, but upon this journey I confess I saw management which I had never seen equalled by a Coachman in the Old Country. The coach started from Burlington at 2½ A.M., in a thick fog, the man had driven from Montpelier the evening before, he was aware of the Bridges down the road being injured, the difficulties which he would have to surmount; his stage had eight inside passengers, and ten outside, and his luggage was piled to such a height and with such a weight, that I thought the least irregularity must destroy the centre of gravity and throw it over. I sat on the box with the driver, and though for a few hours I had some apprehension, yet I was excited by the dangers, and not a little admired the coolness with which he took everything, and the ease with which he "tooled" six horses upon this difficult route. He guided the six horses so that the carriage ran along the sides of the gullies, or just touched the edges of precipices, or flew over dangers which must have been fatal if he had hovered upon them, and all the while so cool, and telling his numerous anecdotes, of which drivers are so rife.—Once, and once only, he was a little concerned, and even then more so at the entreaties of the passengers than by his own judgment. It was at two very short right angular turnings, which he had to make (with his coach and six horses) in which he was to get across a mountain stream and over a temporary bridge hastily thrown over the rivulet. The passengers would get out until he should have passed the bridge, and I alone would have remained with him, as I was full of admiration at the skill and confidence with which he was invested, but as I was lame of both legs, from two accidents which had befallen me in the neighbourhood of Rutland, he insisted that I should get down also, which I did, and thereby had an opportunity of seeing his capital coachmanship. We had all kept our places round the first right angular turning, but it was the second where this temporary and loose wooden bridge had to be passed, and which it was actually difficult to get over on foot. He made the turns, got all his horses over the bridge but the wheelers, when the ends of two of the planks gave way, tilted up, and the coach and baggage were certainly counterbalanced in gravitation, when he dexterously gave one of the wheelers a slight intimation with his whip, the horse started forward, the coach got clear of the most treacherous planking, and he got safe to the eastern side, whilst all of us were looking breathless at the driver's position, who never stopped smoking his cigar whilst in this dangerous situation, a failure of which must have hurled the whole into the river below, and there would have been good-bye to the expedition.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Sivori.—We are glad to publish the following, not only because we perfectly agree with it, but because we too had noticed the personal detracting, and we think the erroneous judgment of a writer in a morning paper, who seems to be at odds from the opinion of every one else. If he by this means wishes to punish the quackery of the artistes who put up their likeness in every shop window, publish biographies of themselves, and quote from public papers exaggerated notices of themselves, most heartily do we wish that he or any one could put down that grievous egotism, but we do not think it can be done by injustice; and whether the artistes seek by meritorious means or by paying a portion of the press to laud them, let the consciousness of the falsehood lay on the shoulders of the offender, and judge of the artiste by his *merits and nothing else*, for he appeals by his performance and skill to the candour of the public. Camillo Sivori is in every respect a great artiste, a scientific composer, and we shall gladly insert our friend's communication, which he has promised for next week.

(From a former Correspondent.)

"The crisis in the fever of musical excitement is passed. Sivori has been heard. His first concert was given at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening last, before a numerous and distinguished auditory, and never did we witness a more complete triumph, or more heart-felt and spontaneous applause. We, who had heard Sivori on several occasions during the last London Season, were fully

prepared for his triumphant debut, and knew beyond the possibility of a doubt, that an artist who is unanimously allowed by the Cognoscenti of all the European Capitals to be the Paganini of our day, could not but find favour among the admirers of real genius on this side the water. In the 'Anglo' of the 28th of Feb. last, were published our impressions after hearing the great master in London—and these impressions were fully confirmed on Monday evening, by perhaps the most discriminating audience ever congregated together in this city. It is almost a work of supererogation to offer our humble tribute of praise to such an artist as Sivori, confirmed as he is, in his position as the *first violinist of the day*, by the best musical critics of our time, but we cannot resist the pleasure of saying a few words, in welcoming him to our shores. He embraces, then, in a superlative degree, every attribute necessary to form a perfect master; feeling, intonation, execution, style. We do not say that he is unapproachable—but we do say, most distinctly, he is unapproached. His *cantabile* is broad, grand, and pathetic, full of volume and sweetness. His execution of rapid passages and arpeggios, vigorous and perfect—his harmonics, clear and precise. The concerto in A major, composed by himself, is an exquisite composition, and in its details was well calculated to develop the artist's capabilities; the effects he produced seemed absolutely to paralyse the orchestra, including their very clever leader Signor Rapetti.

The *Preghiera*, from 'Mose in Egitto,' on one string, was Paganini's grand "*Cheval de Bataille*"; in this, Sivori very nearly came up to his illustrious master. The '*carnivale*' which completed the concert, was performed as it never had been previously in this country; all those scientific vagaries and innumerable difficulties with which it is replete, appeared mere pastime in the hands of Sivori. This was encored, and, like an inspired player, as he emphatically is, he introduced entirely new variations. In the one movement where the theme and variations are so nicely introduced, and which nobody who does not possess the power of fingering of a Paganini or Sivori should attempt. He recalled the great *Maestro* most particularly to our mind. We cannot dwell on other parts of the concert any further than the orchestra was conducted by that popular leader Signor Rapetti. Sivori's second concert on Friday we shall notice in our next, but we cannot conclude these remarks without expressing our astonishment at a respectable morning paper that is generally pretty honest in these matters, flinging in the face of all Europe, and of the most enlightened auditory of this city, by endeavoring, however vainly, to detract from the merits of a reputation so unequivocally established as that of Camillo Sivori."

The Seasons.—The performance of Haydn's "Seasons" at the Tabernacle on Wednesday evening was exceedingly well done. In particular we must notice the instrumental part which was played by the well-drilled band of Mr. Geo. Loder, the whole under the conductorship of the said gentleman, gave great satisfaction. The soprano solos also, as sung by Miss Northall were very delightful, particularly the song of "A Wealthy Lord" was charmingly effective not only by the singing, but by the expression of that Songstress, which was loudly encored, and which we have recently had sent to us by Van Gelder & Riley of the Bowery, who will very likely find it a profitable publication.

The chorus at the end of "Autumn" was very prettily played and sung, and so was the "hunting chorus," but we must not omit giving vent to our disappointment that when the finest part of the composition was in performance, which is the finale of the work, and an artistic fugue was wrought in it, there was bonneting, and cloaking, and leaving the Tabernacle, and no care or hearing of this capital part of the composition was cared about by the multitude coming out.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—A very charming play has been brought out at this theatre during the week which is likely to be a favourite for a considerable time, more particularly if it can be cast in the manner in which it is now played at The Park. We say charming, because the language is beautiful, the poetry is good, the imagery and the metaphors are refined, and the stage effect is exceedingly effective, but every one who has studied the human heart knows its workings, and the "theory of human sentiments" as Dr. A. Smith calls his book, will prove that the play-wright business of this drama is not really so good as the authorship of the text. The principal personages are Sir Walter Amyot, a Cromwellite colonel (Mr. Kean) who has married Lady Eveline (Mrs. Kean) the sister of a Cavalier Lord Arden (Mr. Dyott) who has a marked dislike both of the Parliamentary cause in general, and of Sir Walter in particular. Now no one would suppose that Lord Arden, supposed to be in refuge in France, but really unsuccessful in a scheme in England, should after the destruction of the scheme steal in at his married sister's window and implore her to hide him in his political and personally hostile brother's house. Much less that he should unfold his feelings and his fears to her and take an oath from her that she would keep his secret from her husband for his sake, whilst he is saying and doing all this in the presence of a prattling servant maid Maud (Mrs. Abbott,) of whom he takes no oath at all, though the character of a chambermaid is believed to be the most loquacious of any human being. And yet this sister is to be the most virtuous, the most angel-like, the most consistent of her sex who is here sworn to keep a secret from her husband, and who does so throughout the play. We wonder whether Shakespeare intended that Cordelia or that Desdemona thus understand the love, obedience, and respect of a wife towards her husband to be this kind or whether the conduct harmonises with the virtue and the sentiment of the present day. If they do we are sorry for it, that is all. But the author needed Maud, as a part of his machinery, so thus it must be, and he also needed the page (Mrs. Hunt) so the page grows suspicious of some mystery going on, and Maud tells him the whole matter, which the maid was not restricted from doing, but which the wife is sworn not to communicate and to keep unknown—absurd!

Next we have an unjust steward, Jabez Sneed, (Mr. Fisher) who having lived long in Sir Walter's service is determined to make himself rich and independent, but in order to do so wants certain papers which are in Lord Arden's hiding room and the key of which is in Lady Eveline's possession; in order to get into this mysterious room the steward tries the window-fashion and discovers a man in the room; he tell his master, and the two together first discover the page, and Capt. Brouillard (A. Andrews), the commander of a smuggler, who

is desirably should carry off into France Lord Arden, but see at the same juncture Lady Eveline and a man embracing at that unfortunate window, the room being perfectly lighted up and not at all like the mysterious care which should be supposed.

Now Sir Walter's conduct towards his wife has, of course, become much altered, he speaks and acts towards her very vaguely, very generally, and she though in custody of so great a secret, seems not anxious on that account, but very stolidly wonders what can have become of the senses of her husband, till he upbraids her with her paramour, when she suddenly becomes conscious that her husband is self-deceived. Nevertheless she keeps him so, and when he has resolved to part from her, and to keep her guilty conduct a secret, she gets from him a pass, by which means her brother can safely traverse to the sea-shore and then when he is supposed to be gone, she tells her husband who the refugee was; he does not believe and causes the fugitive to be stopped, an *éclaircissement* ensues, and the piece ends happily.

Now bating this abortion of a plot, there is much beauty in each scene, and the whole play might be quoted by admirers of abstract passages from beginning to end, and no impugning the taste of the quoter. We are moved to tears by Lady Eveline, to admiration by Sir Walter, by indignation at the selfish malignity of Jabez, to smiles at the pertness of the page by contempt at the conduct of Lord Arden, by every feeling by turns at the affection, the garrulity and the faithfulness of Maude, and the whole as well as the scenery was exceedingly attractive to the visitors. We have not read the play, and there is not a printed copy in the city that we know of, therefore we cannot quote whole passages from it, as it has only once struck the tympanum of our ears, and we envy the memories of some of our contemporaries who are able, the morning after the representation, to recite passages of which when, we read them, we do not exactly see the force.

Bowery Theatre.—So great has been Mrs. Shaw's attractiveness at this house, that we perceive with great pleasure that she has again made a re-engagement here, and we are well persuaded that every night she should perform at this house until next May, she would draw a full audience to the Theatre. She has played Hamlet in very good style, and is in fact the only female Hamlet we ever beheld.

Olympic Theatre.—No one can surpass the manager of this theatre in the tact he displays towards a knowledge of the public taste, and the care which he takes of having every thing which the public wants. The division of the evening's entertainment into three or four parts is just the thing for those who cannot sit a whole evening at a place of amusement listening to what they call a long and heavy piece; now Mitchell has almost a double audience every night.

Chatham Theatre.—Mr. John Dunn, who two years ago created quite a sensation at Niblo's in a piece called "That Rascal Jack," commenced an engagement at this theatre on Monday last. He appeared in a new piece entitled "Joe the Orphan, found in a Haystack," and played his part in capital style. He has likewise appeared in "Robert Macaire" and "That Rascal Jack," in all of which he has been received with great applause. Messrs. Marshall, Fenno, Johnston, Greene, Winans, Mesdames Flynn, Greene, Cruise, and LaForese have also appeared in "La Tour de Nesle," "The Robber's Wife," "The King's Gardener," &c., and sustained their different parts very effectively. The house has been very well attended during the week.

On Monday evening a new Melo-Dramatic Spectacle, in three Acts, entitled "Darnley, or the Field of the Cloth of Blood," will be presented for the first time in America.

Literary Notices.

Etchings of a Whaling Cruise, &c.—By J. Ross Browne.—Harpers.—We have received a copy of the above work, beautifully illustrated and embellished externally as well as internally. It is a very ably written work, and contains the personal narrative of the author while on board a whale ship, including notices of the hardships, perils, and exciting sports of those engaged in that department of maritime commerce. There is also a very interesting account of the island of Zanzibar and its inhabitants, the Imaum of Muscat, his palace, &c., together with much important information respecting the probable commercial advantages which that hitherto almost unknown land presents. The work possesses, therefore, a circle of interest, and ought, as we doubt not it will, attract a very wide range of readers. We earnestly commend it to the perusal of our friends generally.

Foster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England.—This celebrated collection of biographies is at length to be obtained complete, and handsomely bound. We know of few works of more really intrinsic merit or interest, and we feel confident all who read a part will be desirous of knowing more of the great men who first fought the fight of freedom.

The Chess-Player's Magazine for November, 1846.—Edited by C. H. Stanley, Esq.—New York: Martins.—This is a most elegant little work, under the editorial charge of a master in the game, as is well known here. It is got up upon good material, it has well executed diagrams, seems to be conducted with great care, and has in the present number good instruction, some reports well given of very interesting games, and eight new problems to keep up the attention of Chess Players until the appearance of the next number. We think highly of this little work.

The Chess-Player's Palladium for October.—We notice this work for an especial reason—we have been treated in the same manner that this work treats the one above it. The "Magazine" has been attacked by the "Palladium" whilst as yet it had no literary existence, and therefore could only be accused

by inference, but this too narrow a proceeding, let each and let all be judged by individual merit. The "Palladium" we find has a copious *errata* in its first number.

Harper's Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare, Nos. 115 and 116.—This beautiful work now proceeds apace, and if the public be half as eager as we are they will gladly see its publication hastening. The illustrations are very fine, the text is carefully examined, and the annotations are exceedingly interesting. The present numbers contain the 2d Part of Henry VI.

Virtue's (late Martin's) *Bible*, No. 31.—The illustrations and the presswork of this fine work still keep pace with original specimens. The present number, which brings the Bible up to the early portion of II. Samuel, has a fine plate of "The Mount of Olives," as seen from the wall of Jerusalem.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

SINGLE WICKET MATCH

Between Messrs. Wright of the St. George's Cricket Club, New York, and Dudson of the Union Cricket Club, Philadelphia.

This match is a second contest of the two celebrated players who have here met, and the issue is the converse of the other. Dudson won the toss again, and instead of putting in Wright as he did before, he profited by experience and took the bat himself, and took 106 balls in 66 minutes, and made 18 runs, in which were six two hits, and received 10 wide balls, in all 28 in the first innings; he was then bowled out.

Wright then assumed the bat, and received 44 balls in 20 minutes, in which he made 3 runs, one of them being a two, and received 3 wide balls, making 6 in all. He was then bowled out.

The parties then retired to dinner and resumed again at half past two, when Dudson went in for the second innings, and received 113 balls from Wright in 57 minutes, out of which he made 19 runs, four of which were twos, and received 13 wide balls, making 32 in the innings. He was caught out.

Wright now went in a second time, when he received 80 balls from Dudson in about 25 minutes, from which he made 5 runs, one being a two, and received 10 wide balls, making in all 11 in the innings; he was then bowled out, and the Match was won by Dudson, as the following score will shew:—

DUDSON.

First Innings.....	runs 18	Wide Balls.....	10	bowled out....	28
Second ".....	" 19	" ".....	13	caught out....	32
					60

WRIGHT.

First Innings.....	runs 3	Wide Balls.....	3	bowled out....	6
Second ".....	" 5	" ".....	9	bowled out....	14
					20

The Umpires were Messrs. Ticknor and Comery, and the Marker was Mr. A. D. Paterson.

RETURN MATCH.

Played on the St. George's Cricket Ground on Wednesday, the 14th inst., between the Washington Club and the St. George's Club.

In this Return Match it was agreed as before that the day's play should end the contest, and that if two innings each could not be played before "Sundown" then the first innings of each were to settle the event. There were two alterations on each side, Skippon and Gardner were absent on the St. George's, their place was taken by Crooker and Henley, and H. Russell and Dent were absent on the Washington side, their places being filled by B. Fisher and Burrows. St. George's won the toss and about 11:14 A.M. went in themselves. The morning was threatening and once during the first innings the players had to suspend their play a few minutes. But the St. George's took bat in hand determined to make a splendid first innings or come soon out, and the event shewed they were right in their determination, for they drove the ball in every way. Nickols making a fine 3 to the leg. 1 wicket, 11 runs. Bates made a three and two twos. 2 wickets, 17 runs. Mason two twos. 3 wickets, 26 runs. Edwards no particular play. 4 wickets, 36 runs. Wright a three and two twos. 5 wickets, 37 runs. Vinten a two. 6 wickets, 62 runs. Green two threes, four twos. 7 wickets, 91 runs. Platt nothing particular. 8 wickets, 98 runs. Henley a three and two twos. 9 wickets, and 130 runs. Wild, who was furious in his batting, made a four, four threes, and six twos. 10 wickets, 133 runs. Crooker made one, and was not put out at all. The innings lasted 2:14 hours, and the balls were 700 in number.

The Cricketers took a refreshment, and the Washingtonians went in against the bowling of Wright and Edwards. The innings only lasted 53 minutes, and we need hardly detail the play, except to say that the only three was struck by Turton. The following is the account of the wickets:—1 wicket, 4 runs; 2 wickets, 17 runs; 3 wickets, 18 runs; 4 wickets, 20 runs; 5 wickets, 27 runs; 6 wickets, no addition; 7 wickets, 31 runs; 8 wickets, 32 runs; 9 wickets, no addition; and 10 wickets, 35 runs. Crooker was a beautiful long stop and did not allow a bye.

The Washingtonians being 98 behind, the St. George's could have gone in again; but they remembered that the Washington Club on a former occasion although they knew the game was lost, yet Cricketer like they went into the field and played against the batting of St. George's, were offered the option of taking their second innings which they accepted, and this time they made up their score 79, in which were many fine threes and twos, but concluded by being in the two innings 19 below the single innings of their adversaries.

Messrs. Winkworth and Baxter were the Umpires upon the occasion.

The following is the score:—

ST. GEORGE'S CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Nichols, b. Taylor	6
Bates, c. Smith, b. Hoole	8
Mason, b. Taylor	6
Wright, b. Taylor	11
Edwards, b. Taylor	2
Green, b. Taylor	30
Vinten, b. Southern	11
Wild, c. Turton, b. Smith	37
Platt, run out	2
Henley, c. Turton, b. Smith	14
Crooker, not out	1
Byes	3
Wide, Hoole	2

Total..... 133

WASHINGTON CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Pidcock, run out	2	not out	10
W. Fisher, b. Edwards	2	b. Edwards	0
Smith, hit wicket	5	b. Wright	5
Taylor, run out	2	b. Edwards	5
Turton, c. Wright, b. Edwards	3	b. Wright	15
Hoole, c. Wright, b. Edwards	4	c. Wright, b. Mason	9
Berry, c. Bates, b. Edwards	6	c. Nichols, b. Wright	18
B. Fisher, c. Green, b. Edwards	0	b. Edwards	3
Southern, b. Bates	0	c. Green, b. Wright	0
Flint, c. Edwards, b. Bates	0	c. Green, b. Edwards	0
Burrows, not out	2	hit wicket	2
Wide, Wright 5, Edwards 4	9	Wild 2, Edwards 3, Wright 2, Lo-	8
		ther 1	2
		Byes	2

Total..... 35 Total..... 79

PIANO FORTES.

PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article. Apt 18-1f.

BEAR'S OIL.

HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.



OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Holland, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved an expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street, —Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small. Sept. 19-3m.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE ACTION HARPS.

J. F. BROWNE,

Maker and Importer of Improved Patent Double-Action Harps.

INVITES the attention of his friends, the elite of musical taste, and admirers of this delightful instrument, to the very elegant collection he has completed, and for sale at his Ware-rooms, 281 BROADWAY, corner of Chambers street, New York, comprising some of the most splendidly finished Harps he has yet offered to their notice; as also of the plain and less ornamental description.

These Harps are constructed on the most approved principles, with all the modern improvements of London and Paris. In touch and tone it is believed unequalled. Special care is taken to fit them for the extremes of climate in this country. The opinions of the first musical talent is respectfully submitted.

"Mr. Browne's Harps are by far the most magnificent we ever saw. Through his perfect knowledge of the instrument, he has effected many important improvements in the mechanical department, and in the tone there is an extraordinary addition of sweetness, purity, and power. The pillars are elaborately and gorgeously carved and gilded, while the frames are elegantly shaped and finished."

"The Harp as an instrument is but little known in this country, although in Europe it is considered as a necessary accomplishment to ladies of refined education. Every person should, for many reasons, be a little familiar with this truly drawing-room instrument. In the first place, it is a capital exercise, bringing the muscles into gentle and healthful play. In the next place, it is an excellent accompaniment to the voice, is easy of acquisition for all amateur enjoyment, and lastly, it displays the beautiful and graceful proportions of nature's handicraft, to the greatest advantage."—Critique from Southern periodicals.

J. F. B. would be happy to forward a list of prices and descriptions, with an engraving per single postage Harps repaired. Strings, music, &c.

J. F. BROWNE & Co., London.

s3-1m] 281 Broadway, and 79 Chambers-st., New York. Established 1810.

STATE OF NEW YORK. SECRETARY'S OFFICE. ALBANY, July 24, 1846.

TO THE SHERIFF of the city and county of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next General Election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday in November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit, A Governor and Lieut. Governor of this State. Two Canal Commissioners to supply the places of Jonas Earl, Jr. and Stephen Clark, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A Senator, for the First Senatorial District, to supply the vacancy which will accrue by the expiration of the term of service of John A. Lott, on the last day of December next. A Representative in the 30th Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th wards of the city of New York. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, consisting of the 6th, 7th, 10th and 13th wards of said city. Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional District, consisting of the 8th, 9th and 14th wards of said city. And also a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional District, consisting of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th and 18th wards of said city.

Also, the following officers for the said county, to wit: 16 Members of Assembly, a Sheriff in the place of William Jones, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. A County Clerk in the place of James Conner, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next, and a Coroner in the place of Edmund G. Rawson, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Yours, respectfully,

N. S. BENFON, Secretary of State.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided for. WM. JONES, Sheriff of the City and county of New York.

All the public newspapers in the County will publish the above once in a week until election, and then hand in their bill for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment.

See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. vi., title 3d, article 3d, part 1st., page 140.

Aug 8—3m

DR. SABNIE will in future, for the convenience of his friends residing in Brooklyn, have a box at Mr. R. J. Davies, Chemist and Apothecary, corner of Fulton and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, from which place all letters or messages will be at all times immediately forwarded to him by special messenger.

Sept. 26-2p.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the *Sarsaparilla Root*, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The *Sarsaparilla* can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of *Sarsaparilla*. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' *Sarsaparilla*. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your *Sarsaparilla* I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the *Sarsaparilla*, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

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A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.

THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

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MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fetes Champetres, Matinees, Musical Festes, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavours to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park. Sept. 5-1f.

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The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

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The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 08	2235
			1838	960 76	435 53	67 53	1987
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1760
			1840	551 85	270 20	39 70	1483
			1841	555 56	347 50	37 54	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year.

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall Street, New York.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D.

Alexander E. Hossack, M.D. } New York.

S. S. Keene.

BANKERS—The Merchants' Bank, New York.

STANDING COUNSEL.

W. Van Hook, Esq., New York.

J. Meredith, Esq., Baltimore.

SOLICITOR at New York, John Howe, Esq.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

Oct. 3-1f.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, 251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST. Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S.
AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, AND TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS.
Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.
Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.
Instruction given in the Art. Jly. 25-26.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.

JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.
By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL.
Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6pm.

STEAM BETWEEN NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

The Great Western Steam Ship Co.'s steam ship the GREAT WESTERN, 1,700 tons, 450 horse power, B. R. Matthews, Esq., Commander; the GREAT BRITAIN, 3,000 tons, 1000 horse power, Lieut. James Hosken, R. N. Commander, are intended to sail as follows:

GREAT WESTERN.			GREAT BRITAIN.		
From Liverpool.		From New York.	From Liverpool.		From New York.
Saturday	11th April.	Thursday	Saturday	9th May.	Saturday
Saturday	30th May.	Thursday	Tuesday	7th July.	Saturday
Saturday	25th July.	Thursday	Wednesday	20th Aug.	Tuesday
Saturday	12th Sept.	Thursday	Thursday	20th Oct.	Tuesday
Saturday	31st Oct.	Thursday			

Fare to Liverpool per Great Western, \$100, and \$5 Steward's fee.
Fare per Great Britain, according to the size and position of the state-rooms, plans of which may be seen at any of the Agencies.
For freight or passage or any other information, apply in New York to
New York, 27th February, 1846. RICHARD IRVIN, 98 Front st.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.

The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night's rest on board the Steamer, (in private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

THE RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

THE MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

J. T. WILLISTON,

DEALER IN WATCHES, (wholesale and retail),

No. 1 Courtland-st., (UP STAIRS), Cor. Broadway, New York.

ALL Watches sold at this establishment, warranted to perform well, or the money refunded. Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, and Jewelry, repaired in the best manner at the lowest prices. Trade work promptly done on reasonable terms. J. T. WILLISTON,
Nov. 8-ly. No. 1 Courtland-st., Up Stairs.

LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
Can be obtained only of the Patentee,
THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N.Y.

DR. POWELL, M.D.

OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren-Street.
ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible. dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.
ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-ly.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.

THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low cost. Jly 11-12.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c., Imported and For Sale, (Wholesale and Retail), BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the incalculable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Feb. 21-12.

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOUQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.
N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gardeners supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-12.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to. J. LEVENSTYN, 466 Broadway, up-stairs. Ladies can be attended to by Mrs. J. Levenstyn. Jly 4-ly.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. Jly 7-ly.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Task,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCUS,	Ass Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
E. K. COLLINS & Co., 56 South Street, N.Y., or to
BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-12.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING FROM NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	Nov. 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to
My 24-ly. ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING FROM NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of every month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Patrick Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Extra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are not surpassed either in point of elegance and comfort of their Cabin accommodations, or for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
My 31-12. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	10, 10, 10.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	10, 10, 10.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Schor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to
My 24-12. GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to
JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidella, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Yorkshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outward, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to
GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or
BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

